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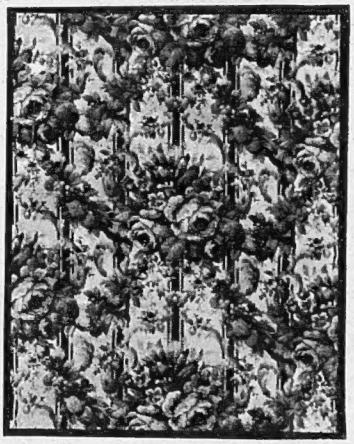

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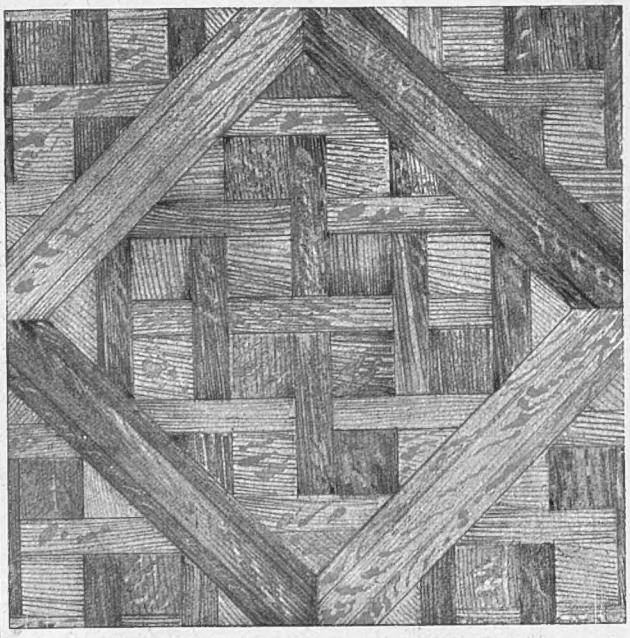

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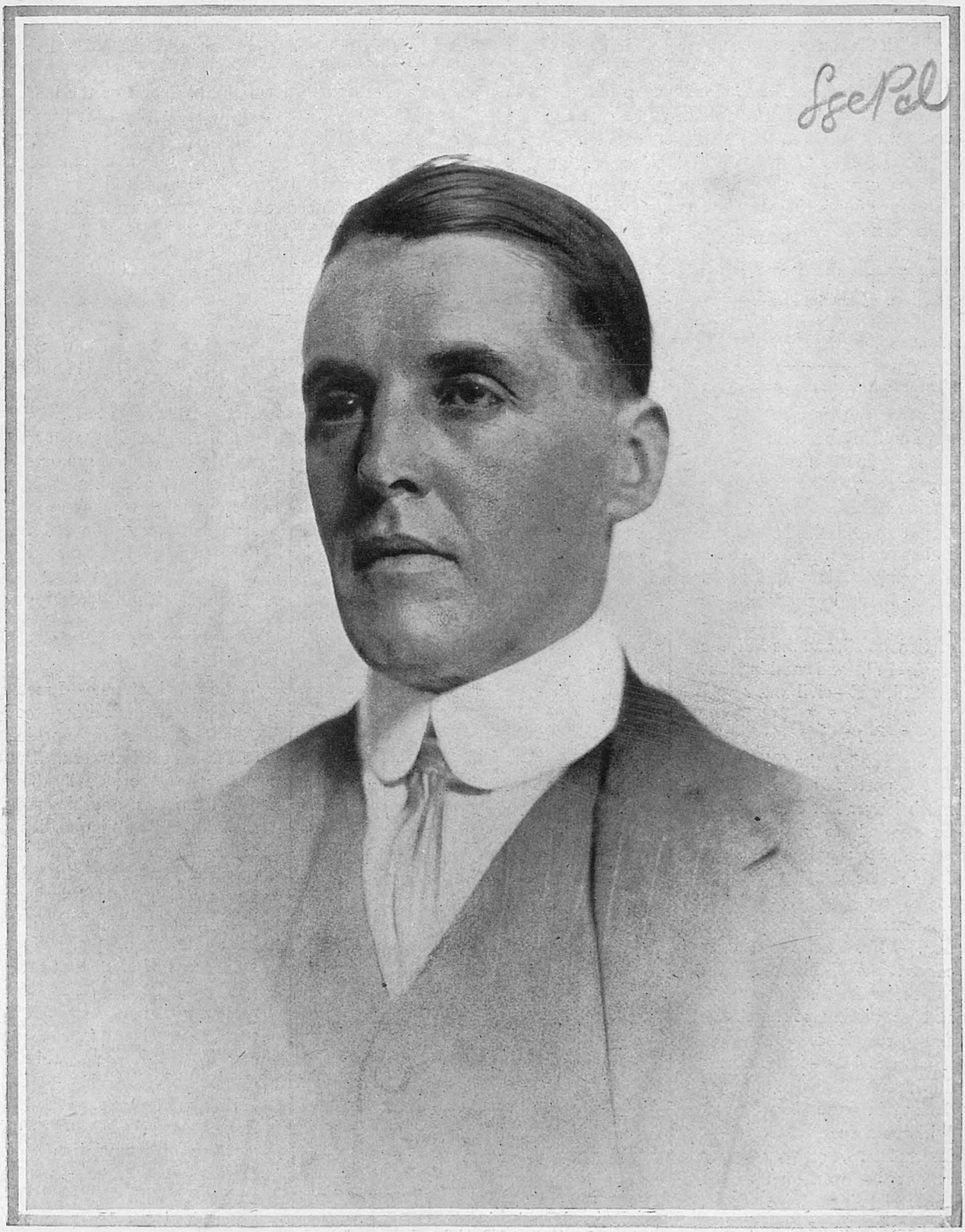


Photograph *Turner and Drinkwater*

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. F. E. SMITH

The leader of the Young Unionists, whose future political movements are being watched with close interest. As the old Party cries begin to lose their popularity, the people ask either for new ones or for none at all

Bystander Comments

On Various Topics of the Day

The Astute Chancellor

A little political mystery? Well, here's one to be going on with. Mr. Lloyd George has lately fraternised with Mr. T. P. O'Connor (*Reynolds's Newspaper*) and with Sir George Riddell (*News of the World*). On Sunday, the *News* appeared with the statement that the Government had definitely agreed to "exclude North-Eastern Ulster," while *Reynolds's* proclaimed that such a decision was out of the question. Which is right? Both cannot be. Should one assume that the two contrary versions are given out for the purpose of exciting controversy, as has so often been done before? And that the Government will "wait and see" which way the cat jumps and then jump after it? I rather expect that is the position. Clever politics—worthy of their authorship.

***

What to Expect

If the Government should decide to exclude Ulster or any part thereof, they will have undoubted riots within the Party, and, of course, with the Irishry, without actually buying Unionist support. For Unionism will still oppose the Bill as a whole. So what we may expect is a prolonged Whig-Radical wrangle, the result of which will be no concessions at all, and the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, and—civil war?

***

How Long?

Meanwhile, the *Times* opportunely asks how much longer Mr. George is to be allowed to make Party capital by slandering dukes. I think he will be allowed to go on doing it because it seems impossible to stop him. Mr. George simply cannot help himself. He has the artistic temperament, and no picture of harshness and greed is complete save it have a duke—it must be a duke, and always a different duke—in the foreground. Without a duke, the thing is incomplete. Audiences simply cannot be worked up into anger against Joint Stock Companies, however guilty of the same offences, in which—who knows—some of them and possibly Mr. George himself and his friends might be financially interested.

***

Half-Hours With Demos

With the East-End elections, sections of political society are busy slumming. Hands are being shaken with coal-heavers and fish-porters: the babies of dockers are being dutifully kissed, and kind words are being said in the seamiest of places. I wonder how much the "democracy" appreciate these sudden discoveries of themselves, by ladies and gentlemen it has never seen before and will never see again?

***

Incredible

We are always only too ready to believe everything that is said officially. But the statement that Lord Gladstone's imminent resignation is due to the health of Lady Gladstone gets us right under. If her ladyship finds South African life so uncongenial why, at the very moment when her husband must have been deciding to pack up and come home, did she sail for Capetown? Just for the voyage, and the pleasure of returning with his lordship?

MR. H. W. THORNTON

The big American who is to manage an English railway company because of the lack of native talent

***

The King's English

The usual bunkum—I mean picturesque writing—was published about the opening of Parliament last week. But those who were actually there describe it as anything but a "brilliant" or "impressive" affair. Even the new canary-coloured matting in the Lords, which might have lent brightness to the scene, had been removed, presumably for reasons of economy; comparatively few peeresses were present; and it was noted once more how much less carrying power King George's voice has than King Edward's, though it is true that he has a perfect enunciation of English—the first English monarch with this attribute, it is said, since the Stuarts.

Why?

Why, by the way, is it considered necessary for the Royal *retinue* on these occasions to be of so miscellaneous a character? It was much remarked on that masses of "household" people who have no possible connection with politics, such as doctors and their wives, were admitted when members of Peers' families were excluded from the House of Lords.

***

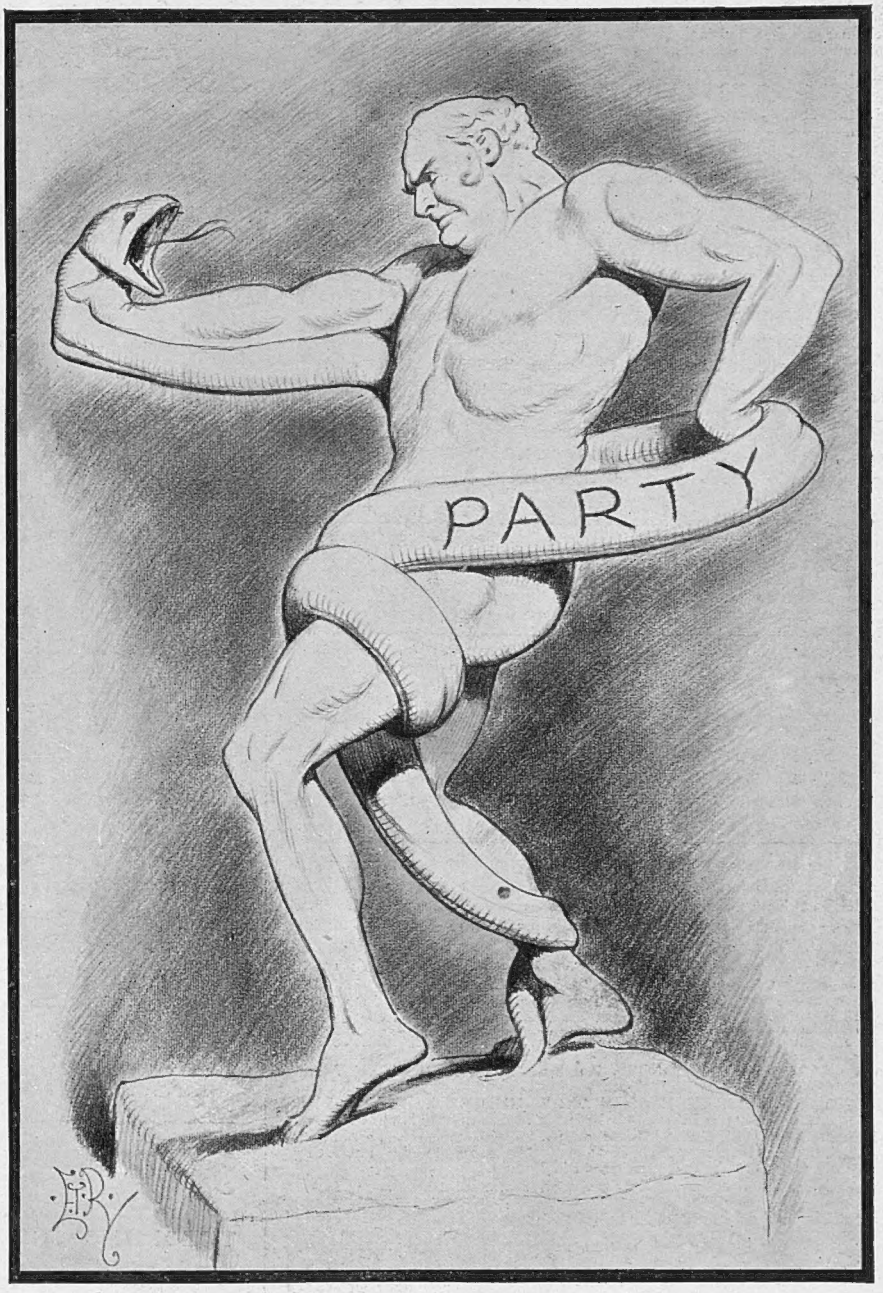
An Innovation

In the Lords next week Lord Selborne is bringing a motion to forbid the sale of titles—a subject on which Mr. Bowles has some very entertaining stories in his new *Candid Quarterly*. But why interfere with this excellent method of raising Party funds, especially among Liberals, whose unstimulated generosity does not even run to a Party "daily" costing more than ½*d.*?

***

Musical Chairs

The latest Cabinet changes cut little ice, as the saying is. It had been known that there would be some "musical chairs," and it was considered particularly incumbent to give Mr. Lloyd George's chief Insurance henchman a chair of his own this time. The serious side of the matter comes in over the player who lost, as one always must in this game. But his loss—in the case of Sir Sydney Buxton—is the Colonies' gain. At least, we hope South Africa will think so. Why mere "Sirs," by the way, for the new Governors-General? Can it be that Radical peerages are, at last, really off?



"ATHLETE'S STRUGGLE WITH A PYTHON"

England's present position—after Leighton's famous piece of sculpture

By E. T. Reed

***

Back to the Ranks

Apart from the Dominion concerned, isn't it rather serious for this country, too, that a Minister who is considered to have outlived his usefulness cannot—whether for love or fear—be simply retired? In other countries one sees men who have held the highest offices, such as Premiers and Presidents of France, going back almost into the ranks and no one thinking the worse of them or of anyone concerned. Our sugar-plum system, of course, prevails in both Parties; in fact, Unionism can show far more flagrant instances.

***

Reactions

Mr. William de Morgan has written a 400,000 word book. I mention it with no sort of expectation or hope that anyone has had a chance of not hearing about it already, but because it is one more of a rather interesting series of reactions we are passing through just now. Back we are going, with more or less success, to long novels, the minuet, whiskers, and that oldest of "sensations," trousers for women. Is it all a pose or are we really returning to the condition of prosperity and leisured vacuity which they seem to connote?

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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Brilliant Success of New Revue.
Violet Lloyd, Babette, Rose Hamilton, Phyllis Bedells (Première Danseuse), Les Glorias, Eric Thorne, Albert Le Fre, Nelson Keys, Fred Payne, and Specially Selected Varieties. Evenings, at 8.

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On WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25th, at 8 p.m.,

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MR. VIVIAN CARTER
(*Editor of "The Bystander"*)
SUBJECT:
"PARTY POLITICS AND THE PRESS."
Doors Open 7.30 p.m.

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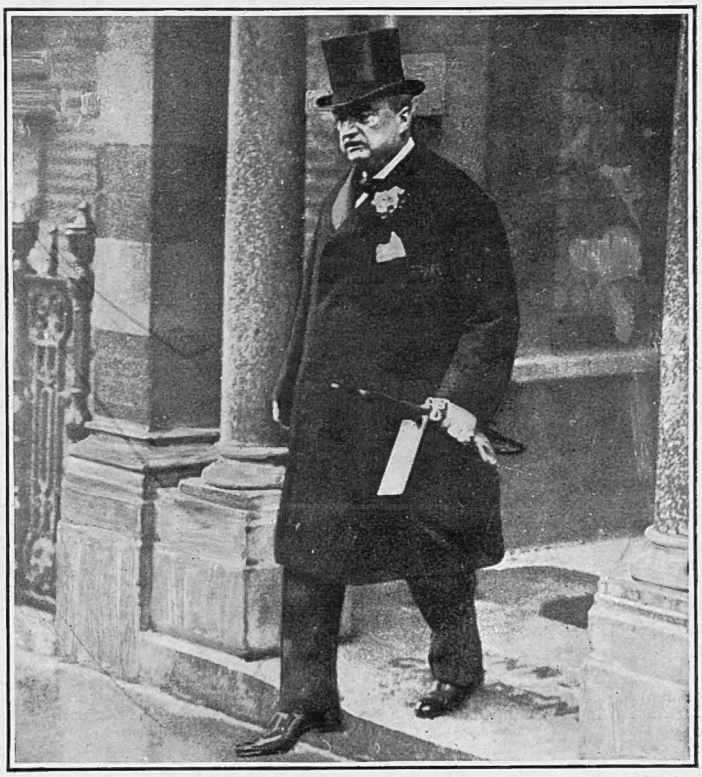
Momentous-Looking Leaders

ON THE WAY TO INAUGURATE THE "MOST MOMENTOUS SESSION OF MODERN TIMES"

SIR EDWARD CARSON
Starts for the House with a confident smile



MR. JOHN REDMOND
Doesn't look very happy about the prospects of the coming struggle

MR. BONAR LAW
Brisk and alert, but perhaps a little worried

MR. C. F. G. MASTERMAN AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE
Looking very pictures of joyous irresponsibility

Speeches on the first day of the new Parliamentary Session on both sides of the House seemed to indicate a deadlock over the Home Rule Bill in spite of the hopes for conciliation expressed in the King's Speech. Later in the week, however, the Spirit of Compromise was in the air owing to Mr. Redmond having modified his previous adamantine attitude over the exclusion of Ulster. The pictures above show some of the leaders in the debate on the King's Speech, and the expressions on their faces probably give a fair indication of their states of mind

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

"Society" Again

"Have you flown?" is, according to a daily contemporary, the query which is exciting even more interest in Society to-day than the Tango or the war between the hotels and the supper clubs. . . . Bless the dear little newspaper mind! Did it suppose "Society," during the opening week of Parliament, to be concerned only with such inanities? And where does it get its information as to what "Society" is talking about? And what does it mean by "Society," anyway?

* * *

A Real Midsummer Dream

Mr. Granville Barker having succeeded in giving yet another most beautiful production of Shakespeare at the Savoy Theatre, it necessarily follows that quite a number of the critical fraternity have gone a-yelping and a-snarling round his heels. To my mind no manager has ever given us such a wonderful series of stage-pictures as Mr. Barker, and though he is, perhaps, rather too ardent a partisan of the new-at-any-price, that is a welcome relief after the stodgy conventionality of most theatrical people.

* * *

Giving Us Back Shakespeare

I liked especially the gold fairies—except as regards the faces whereon gold was less obvious than grease—merging, as it were, into the scene-decoration, really suggesting invisibility. And though Mr. Wilkinson's dresses are, perhaps, not quite as successful as were Mr. Rothenstein's, many of them are very good. Still, all this is, in a sense, by the way. The real point is that to many of us Mr. Barker has done nothing less than restore Shakespeare to life. For his company speak the words as English and sense instead of rhodomontade and emptiness. By the way, in what "bad taste" is much of *A Midsummer Night's Dream!* If only Shaw had written it, how the critics would have raged!

* * *

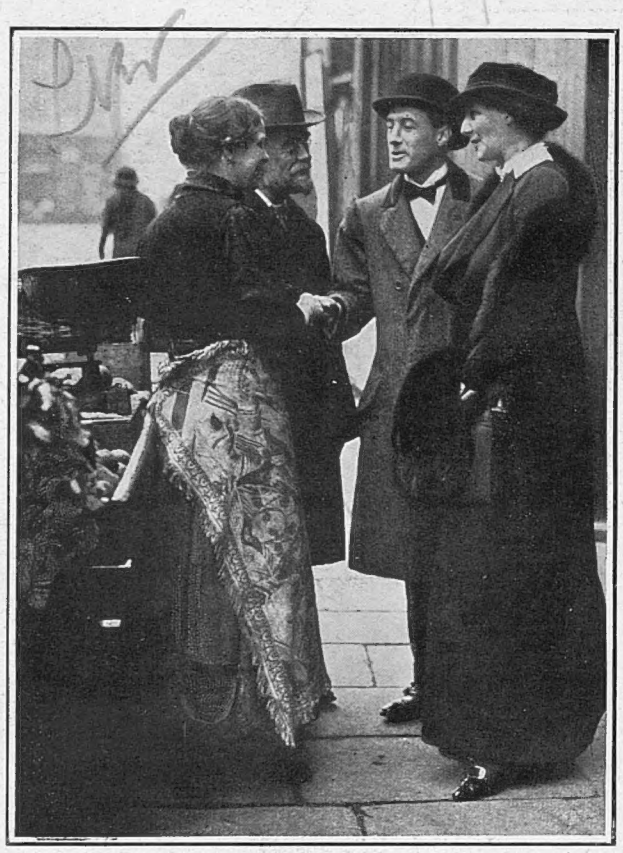
Business Methods

What Lord Claud Hamilton says about the failure of England to produce the right sort of man for big managerial jobs is just plain fact. The papers who say the contrary talk nonsense. The English system of education keeps the nation's best brains out of business: it sends them into the overcrowded ranks of politics, art, letters, and the professions. When a man goes into a big business he is wedged into a department, and all attempt on his part to broaden his outlook, to "get hold of things," or to advance beyond his "seniors," is promptly squashed. The American system of treating business as life's prime motive isn't beautiful, in theory, but in actual practice it isn't so very bad. America, if less quaint and picturesque to live in than England, is a million times more comfortable, and for that she has to thank her managerial minds.

* * *

The Englishman at Home

It is easy enough to prate about the wonderful success of young Englishmen in foreign lands. They do succeed—in foreign lands. We all know that. Where they don't succeed is in their own country, because that blessed island envelops them in an unbreathable atmosphere of prejudice, routine, fallacy, bigotry, and all stupidities. Generally, the American who comes over here finds himself up against the same thing, and makes speedy homeward tracks. Let us hope Mr. Thornton, the new G.E.R. manager, will be more successful. Quicker trains, roomier trains, better connections, better refreshment catering, improved Sunday services, a simpler time-table, the baggage-check system—there are a few things for him to be going on with. And if he wants more, let him do what he can to secure that the holiday resorts served by his company are not only got to easily, but are worth getting to.



THE SLUM SMILE

Mr. Kerr-Clark Unionist candidate in the forthcoming bye-election at Poplar, with his sister, Mrs. Astley, making friends with one of those who (in this case, indirectly) may be able to influence his poll. With the aid of the useful photographer such attitudes as the above have to be adopted every moment of the day. For it is the "masses" who have the vote, and the masses are supposed to like this sort of thing

* * *

London Nuisances

"Just a word about another grievance of everyday life in London," writes "A Man in the Street." "I seem to be hardly able to turn a corner nowadays without being both startled and annoyed by hearing a collecting-box rattled in my ear and a whining, or even menacing, voice (generally feminine) mumbling an appeal for coins. As far as I can discover nine-tenths of these collectors are swindlers as well as nuisances. Even at the 'Varsity Soccer match the other day the spectators were worried by one of these importunate women, and a number of open-handed undergraduates had contributed out of their own (or their parents') wealth before an official caught sight of her and bundled her out in double-quick time."

Fashions—as at Court

SOME INTERESTING EXHIBITS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

MRS. H. WEBB
Wife of the Liberal Member of the Forest of Dean

MRS. WHITEHEAD

MISS MILDRED ANGERSTEIN (DÉBUTANTE)

Photograph *Topical*
THE LATEST FRENCH FASHION WHICH WAS NOT SEEN AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Photographs
MISS BARLOW (DÉBUTANTE)
Daughter of Sir John and Lady Barlow

Lafayette
HON. MRS. ROBERT LINDSAY
Sister-in-law of the Earl of Crawford

The first Court of the season was held on Friday evening last week at Buckingham Palace, and was of interest to students of clothes as they are worn at Court—and nowhere else

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded*)

"Oh, I Say"

The other day we were startled by the ringing of the telephone bell. Such an occurrence is, of course, so very rare in the offices of THE BYSTANDER that it alone calls for comment; but, moreover, at the other end of the wire a cultured voice announced that its owner was the Speaker's Private Secretary, and he wished to protest against the publication of coupons in this journal inviting readers to fill them in and send them to the Speaker, House of Commons, S.W., asking for a "free book" on "Parliament as a Career," and marking the envelopes, "Oh, I Say." The Speaker had received some of them!

***

Practical Joking

The spirit of practical joking is evidently not dead in this country. The alternative theory we simply cannot entertain for one moment. All we can do is to assure the Speaker of our regrets for any annoyance caused to him of which THE BYSTANDER was the innocent origin. We are now anxiously waiting to hear if there have been any applicants at either the Admiralty, the G.P.O., or the Home Office for "free booklets" entitled "The Navy as a Career," "Once a Postman Always a Postman," and "Short Cuts to Scotland Yard," all of which were advertised on the same page.

***

Tube Comfort

We are, apparently, to be more comfortable in our tubes, at any rate as far as the Bakerloo is concerned, with swing doors in the middle, "porcelain" straps to hang on (let us hope they won't break!), and cloth-covered seats instead of the rattan-cane variety. One thing, however, the Underground authorities seem extraordinarily loth to do, and that is to provide us, on the inside of carriages, with any sort of guide as to those stations which an "express" proposes to pass. The convenience of such an arrangement is obvious. One is often in much too much of a hurry to notice the "Next Train Passes" notice at some stations, and the "interior" notice is only a permanent feature of the Highgate Railway. Why not elsewhere?

***

A BALLAD OF LOST LEADERS

Where is the W.S.P.U.?
  Where are the vows of yesteryear?
What is poor Christabel going to do
  If many more members disappear?
  (A contingency quite on the cards I fear.)
Where is the Unity once so fine
  'Twixt a grand old mother and sisters dear?
(Yes, its "perfectly horrid," this ballad of mine!)

Where is the rest of this motley crew?
  Mrs. Lawrence (and Mr.) thought well to clear,
Mrs. Billington Greig has mutinied too,
  And Mrs. Despard, whom they used to revere,
  And Mrs. Howe Martin, so pleasant to hear.
Did they really object to be put in the Line
  By a General safely ensconced in the Rear?
(Yes, its "perfectly horrid," this ballad of mine!)

And Sylvia! What's this we hear of *you?*
  Have you left your sister without a tear
Simply because you've a port in view
  To which she and your mother refuse to steer?
  At your "East End Army" did Christabel sneer?
Was it *that* put your back up and made you resign?
  Or as "Socialist" are you entirely sincere?
(Yes, its "perfectly horrid," this ballad of mine!)

ENVOY

Suffragettes! listen, be still of good cheer,
  Though women by nature will never combine,
You can each lead *one* woman (yourself *c'est à dire*).
(Yes, its "perfectly horrid," this ballad of mine!)

W. HODGSON BURNET

An Alleged Victim of Blackmail

JOSEPHINE, PRINCESS OF THURN AND TAXIS

Wife of Prince Victor of Thurn and Taxis, who is alleged to have been the victim of blackmail on the part of a man named Maur, who was brought up before the Westminster Court last week. The Princess is here seen in the costume she wore at the recent Arabian Nights' Ball

Peeresses in Ceremonial Robes

ASSIST AT THE STATE OPENING OF THE NEW PARLIAMENTARY SESSION

THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET (IN CENTRE)

LADY VIOLET CHARTERIS (ON LEFT) AND THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND

THE COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA (IN CENTRE) AWAITS HER CARRIAGE

The State opening of Parliament is always graced by the attendance of a large number of Peeresses at the House of Lords, and last week, owing to the great interest attaching to the opening of the present Session, there was an unusually large attendance of ladies. Above we reproduce photographs of some of them about to leave the House after the conclusion of the ceremony

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Ideals for Critics

A REPLY TO "DOWNWRITER"

By our Musical Critic

"DOWNWRITER" who is a truculent fellow, shows at least a glimmering of politeness. He has written an article on *Parsifal* and sent it to me (with a few well-chosen insults) before publication so that I may have the chance to reply. The terrible thing is that, though I gather that his article is intended to attack all musical critics including me, I find myself in substantial agreement with most of what he has to say. That is very awkward. With his views on *Parsifal* itself I am not concerned. I do not gather that its production has shocked even the most orthodox of Protestant susceptibilities, but then it is well known that where religion is concerned the human mind has a tendency to divide into logic-tight compartments. So that perhaps "Downwriter" *ought* to be right, though, in fact, I do not think he is. In any case it is a relief to find somebody who does not write about *Parsifal* as if the words had been written by St. Thomas Aquinas and the music by St. Cecilia.

* * *

But when "Downwriter" presumes to attack musical critics for knowing too much about music and not enough about the world, I can only answer, "Oh that it were true." Doubtless, it would be a good thing if musical critics (or for the matter of that everybody else) were omniscient. But most of us would be satisfied if we felt confident that they were really masters of their own subject. Because, after all, it is a little hard to expect a musical critic when dealing with a new symphony by Vaughan-Williams, a new quartet by Florent Schmidt, a new singer or a new violinist, to give as interesting and apposite views on Home Rule, Night Clubs, Socialism, or Divorce! In the case of music-drama, or a composition to which there are words that purport at least to be of importance, or which is inspired by a definite *Welt-Anschauung*, it is different. But in the majority of cases we should be more than content if we knew that new talent or genius would receive a really critical, that is an educated and sympathetic, hearing.

* * *

The business of the critic is to be a kind of ambassador between musician and public. His own views are of little importance; he is there only to make other people's views as intelligible as possible. Yet he must be imaginative and constructive to some extent. He should be as sensitive as a photographic plate, as erudite as the Encyclopædia Britannica, as clear in expression as Anatole France, as popular in appeal as the *Daily Mail*. Who can wonder, then, that the ideal critic is, perhaps, the rarest specimen of the human race? And in spite of "Downwriter's" diatribes, it is unlikely that he will become more common just yet.

FRANCIS TOYE.

As "Helena"

MISS LILLAH McCARTHY

As she appeared in Mr. Granville Barker's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Whatever may be said about the other costumes in this so-called Futurist production, Miss McCarthy's seems to be altogether charming and appropriate

In Terms of Music

FOUR PHASES OF SIR HENRY WOOD'S ORCHESTRAL "CONDUCT"

"CANTABILE"

"SOSTENUTO"

"FURIOSO"

"FINALE"

Sir Henry Wood's characteristics and mannerisms with the bâton are well known to patrons of the Queen's Hall and its fine orchestra which he commands. Our artist has depicted him in four of these attitudes as above, with, we think our readers will agree, very considerable success

BY A. P. ALLINSON

MAKERS OF MOVEMENTS

No. VIII.—G. K. Chesterton and the Paradox of Orthodoxy

By HOLBROOK JACKSON

A Sight of London

SOME writers are known best because of their books, and some books achieve fame because of their writers. But in certain unique cases the two are united. G. K. Chesterton is an example of the latter among twentieth century writers, as Charles Dickens is among nineteenth, and Dr. Johnson among those of the eighteenth century. People want to see such authors as well as to read them. Their books may be said to fascinate without satisfying by hinting at untold wonders of personal charm. Other books have similar effects, but disastrous results; for as a general rule it is hardly safe to meet your favourite writer in the flesh. The fact that a book is entertaining or interesting or lovable does not mean that its author possesses the same qualities. On the contrary, many a dull dog has written an amusing book, the most insufferable of bores can be interesting in words, and some of the most lovable of books have been written by people you would like to kick. As a working rule, then, my advice to those about to meet their favourite authors is—don't. But Gilbert Chesterton is an exception. He is one of the sights of London. American visitors of thirty years ago wanted to see the Queen or Mr. Gladstone: to-day they want to see Mr. Chesterton. They have read his books, seen his photographs, and been told that he is as disputatious as Dr. Johnson and as heavy as Daniel Lambert, and the three circumstances pull them irresistibly towards the one contemporary man of letters who has become a legend during his own life.

* * *

Crazy Lane and Wise Highways

It is something to have become a sight; although it must be appallingly uncomfortable. But there is no escape for G. K. C.; he is as conspicuous as St. Paul's. See him walking down Fleet Street, and he becomes a new feature in the most characteristic and fascinating of all London's aspects. You think of Boswell's Johnson at such a moment, and other things in Chesterton remind you of that equally legendary personality. But the resemblance is generic rather than special. Both are weighty and argumentative, and there the resemblance ends. Legendary as Samuel Johnson was during his own life, Boswell made him far more legendary after his death. Now Chesterton is his own Boswell; his books are frankly about himself. That is one reason why people are so anxious to see him. The act of reading him is to discuss with him. He talks less fluently than he writes, but his talking and writing are very intimately related. Learned though this talk is, it is less the talk of a scholar than that of an imaginative and easy-going person extremely interested in his own view of life. It has a comic relationship with everything from the table you sit at (for all good talk needs a table) to the trees and houses and lamp-posts outside and the stars and the heavens above them. He himself has told us that the cosmos is comic; there is also a comic note in his talk. Not in its subject matter, which is always serious, but in its presentation. There is roister in his approach of the verities, and hilarity in the meeting. The words of Gilbert Chesterton do not carry with them the golden balance of dignity; they are drunk with his own personality; they reel and chuckle; they surprise by unfamiliar contexts, and turn from crazy lanes of delicious nonsense into unexpected highways of wisdom.

* * *

The Comedy of Ideas

Gilbert Chesterton reminds you of the manipulator of a marionette show. His puppets are ideas, and he is engaged in leading them a dance. A thought ceases to interest him unless he can make it caper. He believes that is their business, that it is, indeed, the condition of life:

> "Behold the simple sum of things
> Where, in one splendour spun,
> The stars go round the Mulberry Bush,
> The Burning Bush, the Sun."

Paradox and epigram are only the media of his ideaplay; the plot is deeper. The Chestertonian philosophy, like the Italian Comedy, laughs only on the surface. Pantaloon and Harlequin are more than funny fellows, and nonsense is a vehicle which G. K. C. drives over the superstitions of modernity. The end of his comic philosophy is not, therefore, laughter, for however much he may protest against the seriousness of a well-meaning world, he also is serious even when he laughs loudest. "It is so easy to be solemn," he says, "it is so hard to be frivolous." Nietzsche would only believe in a God who could dance, Chesterton only believes in ideas that can dance. The religion that is not deep enough for frivolity is not deep enough for him. And that is the paradox of this master of paradox. He is one of the growing band of writers who are re-asserting the claims of orthodoxy in religion and tradition, and, like his friend, Hilaire Belloc, he dauntlessly waves aloft the banner of the Past. His faith in the old formulas and dogmas is stated with such cheeriness that the old devotees must feel as though they were being robbed of their ancient harbours of gloom.

* * *

Unorthodox Paganism

If he did not use the catchwords of Christianity you might take him for a Pagan, although he would be the first to discountenance such a conclusion. Paganism for him spells pessimism; Christianity, optimism. And the only Christianity is that which

MAKERS OF MOVEMENTS—No. VIII.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON

Special Camera Portrait by Alvin Langdon Coburn

is orthodox or Catholic. Nevertheless, one could imagine him with Theocritus in Thessaly rather than with St. Francis in Assisi—that really is the paradox of G. K. C. Doubtless he could explain it away, and many another paradox as well, and doubtless he will. Did he not begin his literary career with *The Defendant*, a volume which set out with engaging frankness and consummate skill to defend the indefensible? But even though he succeed in proving that black is white (and there are those who say he has done so) he would still have faith in the fact that black is black and white, white, and that the one is good and the other evil, for although Chesterton began by defending the indefensible, it was only his method of proving his right to fight the battle of the eternally defensible. It is curious that such warfare should be necessary, but in an age which devotes half its time to letting the old things slide and the other half to the introduction of new things which everybody needs and nobody likes, it ought not to be surprising.

* * *

The Hunting of the Heretic

One thing, however, is certain. Gilbert Chesterton may not have convinced his age of the necessity of a return to Orthodoxy, but he has succeeded in stripping that subject of the forbidding weeds which had gathered about it. He has made religious and political discussion interesting to many people who had long since grown out of the habit of such discussions. He has gone further: he has shown us that politics and religion are the only proper subjects for the discussion of sane men and women, and that the more serious the subject the more room there is for humour and frivolity of expression. The necessity of having to prove that is, perhaps, the severest criticism he could pass on his age. 'A man must be orthodox upon most things," he says, "or he will never have time to preach his own heresy." G. K. C.'s heresy is Orthodoxy—so heretical is it that many of his greatest admirers are among the very Heretics he has explained away in so many books. I have often heard sportsmen argue that the fox enjoys being hunted, and have generally winked my eye slow, as Uncle Remus would have done, at that amiable sophistry. But careful observation of the behaviour of Chesterton's Heretics during the chase has almost won me over. Foxes may not like being hunted by an inferior pack, but I am now ready to believe that they get a subtle pleasure out of a run with the Pytchley or the Quorn, and I am supported in this belief by the fact that the foxiest of Heretics enjoy a run with Chesterton as much as Chesterton enjoys a run with them. This may not be very complimentary to G. K. C.'s powers of persuasion, but it involves the far greater compliment by proving that our most entertaining controversialist has achieved the impossible—he has taught men to discuss politics and religion without wanting to murder each other.

HOLBROOK JACKSON

NEXT WEEK—

MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL

BY THE SAME CONTRIBUTOR

BOOK TITLES TRAVESTIED

"THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST ME"

BY ALFRED LEETE

(Reproduced by kind permission of "Lawn Tennis")

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Melting Pot" at the Queen's, and "After the Girl" at the Gaiety Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE MELTING POT" at the Queen's Theatre

THIS is a play that lends itself to rather paradoxical views. On the one hand it seems to me to be not so much of a play as a series of tableaux; and on the other hand it impresses me as being a very great play indeed. Perhaps it is the religious note in it that gives it such a rare power; for religion on the stage, unless it is clumsily handled, is necessarily very impressive and very dramatic of itself alone. And this is a play about Jews, one of the few remaining peoples to whom religion really matters. Mr. Israel Zangwill writes of his own people from inside knowledge, and he is, therefore, a reliable witness to their almost awful reverence for their historic creed. Myself, I have not, as one of the characters of the play puts it, the honour of being a Jew; and it may be that that is why the management on an evening when the stalls were filled with an audience almost entirely Jewish, consigned me to a seat in Row "L."

The theme of the play turns on the welcome hospitality extended by New York (in the United States of America) to oppressed Jews from all countries. David Quixano is a young man who has come to New York after escaping from a more than usually terrible "pogrom" in Russia; and the refreshing difference between Eastern and Western civilisations has turned his head a little. He even goes to the length of declaring that he can picture the Statue of Liberty calling to the troubled Jews of Europe in the Scriptural words, "Come unto Me all ye that labour . . . . and I will give you rest!" David's gratitude to America for treating him as a human being is such that he evolves a fanciful theory according to which America is the melting-pot of the future race of mankind; and he is quite willing to go through the fires himself even if in the process he should shed the faith and traditions of his race. In short, he proposes to become an American citizen first and a Jew afterwards.

That is the pivot on which the story turns. When it is considered how emphatically the pious Jew, in spite of superficial national differences, has always held himself to be one of a race apart, the violently revolutionary nature of Mr. Zangwill's thesis becomes obvious. In pursuance of his programme, David begins by neglecting minor details of religious observance. In a household where the ritual is so closely observed that the blowing out of a candle on the Sabbath gives a twinge of conscience, David calmly works at his musical compositions in prohibited hours, and even talks of going out to give a violin recital in public. It may be, of course, that modern Jews concede a little latitude in such matters to-day; but in this play David's apostasy is emphasised for us by the presence of his venerable grandmother, who is clearly one of the old school, with an almost fanatical love for the traditions of her religion. It is she who, at the commencement of the Sabbath, lights her candles and mutters a Hebrew prayer over the flames; and it is she who in sad but gentle protest calls David's attention to the fact that he is still at work, although the Sabbath has already begun. Miss Inez Bensusan represents this part with a fine intensity, and suggests most successfully the magnitude of the change that David seems to be contemplating with so light a heart.

But David is not content to confine his apostasy to his religious traditions alone; he is for breaking away from the race as well. He falls in love with Vera Revendal,

IN "THE MELTING POT"

THE LATEST MUSICAL COMEDY

a Christian young lady; and he proposes to marry her at the first opportunity, in spite of the protests of his orthodox relations. It happens, however, that the more serious protest comes from the lady's side of the house; and at this point, it seems to me, the play loses much of its power. It is no longer a question as to whether a Jew should marry a Christian, but whether a Christian should marry a Jew. Vera's father and stepmother come in hot haste from Russia in order to prevent what they consider an odious match; and nearly the whole of the third act is taken up with the very free expression of their views on the subject. Whereas, the original plan of the play seemed to promise us the point of view of the Jewish side exclusively; and from such an authority as Mr. Zangwill I think that point of view would have been considerably the more interesting of the two. For, after all, whether we are concerned with Jew or Gentile, the responsible choice, in spite of the advanced times in which we live, still rests with the man. (I am supposing that in Jewry, as elsewhere, the ladies have to wait till they are asked!) Still, it is fair to say that the young lady in this particular instance goes a very long way indeed in the matter of obvious encouragement.

IN "THE MELTING POT"

Outside the religious aspect of the case—and, indeed, that is almost the whole case—the dramatic possibilities of such a play are necessarily slight. On the other hand, Mr. Zangwill has taken full advantage of the opportunities offered for presenting powerful sketches of character. David Quixano himself (represented by Mr. Walker Whiteside) is a most fascinating type; and another strong part is that of Mendel Quixano, the erratic David's uncle, ably presented by Mr. Hugh Tabberer. Vera Revendal, the Christian bride, is a most charming creature as represented by Miss Phyllis Relph. I understand that this play has enjoyed a gratifying success in the United States, where the worship of American freedom may very well have been patriotically appreciated; but here we are concerned with it only as a dramatic proposition. Taking it at that, however, it is a play of quite extraordinary power, and it certainly deserves the wholehearted support of all who can appreciate good work.

"AFTER THE GIRL"
at the Gaiety Theatre

This is the usual type of Gaiety piece, only rather more so. With a long experience of plays at this theatre I do not recall anything approaching the present production for costly magnificence. Directly the curtain rises we are favoured by the sight of groups of lovely ladies in costumes that must seriously jeopardise the integrity of the Tenth Commandment so far as the feminine section of the audience is concerned; and this high standard of excellence is maintained throughout the piece. A novel feature is the frequent change of scene, which takes us from Paris to Belgium, and thence to Amsterdam. In the second act we find ourselves in Buda Pesth, whence we drift pleasantly to Berlin, and so to London. The story is, as we are accustomed to find it in musical comedy, slight enough. Doris, a young and lovely maiden, having transgressed slightly the rules of very strict propriety, is ordered to return to the "finishing school" which she hoped she had left behind her for ever. Disobeying the order, she flies from one European city to another, with her parents in pursuit, thus affording the opportunity for the changes of scene hereinbefore referred to. The humour is naturally not of a very high order; but I have before had occasion to observe that musical comedy audiences are very tolerant in this respect. The chief humorist is Mlle. Caumont, a particularly well-nourished lady, who has, it would seem, no objection to extracting all the fun that is possible from her liberal proportions; and, as the French say, tastes do not discuss themselves. Mr. Lew Hearn as the father of the wayward Doris, is a host in himself; and he will be more welcome still when he has had time to work up his part in his own way. The same may be said of the other comedians, who will, no doubt, be livelier when they have availed themselves of the traditional license of their craft to "gag" freely and frequently. The music is particularly attractive; and the outlook for the Gaiety management seems very bright indeed. JINGLE

The Eighth Gaiety "Girl"

"After the Girl," which is, we are told, the eighth Musical Comedy to be produced by Mr. George Edwardes at the Gaiety Theatre in which the word "Girl" has appeared in the title, is very much the same as the other seven, and as up-to-date as the best of them were in their times. Needless to say, the production is an enormous success

BY NORMAN MORROW

The Bystander in PARIS

M. POINCARÉ LEAVING THE GRAND PALAIS

After the opening of the French School Exhibition of Art and the Winter Salon. The French President is, we are happy to see, looking as jovial as ever despite the troubled political times through which he is passing

MADAME LA BARONNE'S TEA-PARTY

"No Longer a Doll"

Madame la Baronne had asked me to look in for a cup of tea and *des toasts*, and I had consented reluctantly. This sounds ungracious, I know, especially when it is remembered that Madame la Baronne is a pretty little woman and is several kinds of a dear. But it was a busy day, and I was rather nervous. The trouble is that since her last divorce *la petite baronne* has needed occupation, and has found it in making employment for the men she knows. You must let me introduce Madame la Baronne to you, because she is so typically the Parisian Society woman of to-day. "We have so little to employ our energies now that we have ceased to be dolls," she told me once. "It's quite hard work, too, keeping you men employed." And, really, the evolution of the Parisienne is quite as remarkable as has been that of those sisters of hers in Turkey, of whom you read sometimes in the pages of THE BYSTANDER. You will understand that while Madame la Baronne is very proud of being "no longer a doll," she does not imply the "no man's doll attitude" of which I have heard nearer home.

French Sport

I think that little Madame la Baronne would take an overdose of something if she thought there were the slightest chance of her ceasing to be pleasing in the eyes of that sex which is still allowed to wear trousers of thicker stuff than her own. If she didn't do that, she would certainly poison her maid, her dressmaker, and the gentleman who is responsible for the confection of her hats. But there is no danger that the little lady will become unpleasing. My only fear is that she will attempt it as a sport. Frenchwomen's ideas of *le sport* are sometimes strange. One day *le footing* holds the floor, another day it may be revolver-practice, literature, or something equally dangerous. Just now it is the Suffrage and pale purple hair (green hair is out of date already), and it may quite well be uglification to-morrow. I daresay they'll manage to make themselves look very charming under it, though, whatever they do.

Parisian Grace

I think I saw you wince at the word Suffrage, but you really needn't have done so, for Parisian women have one great art above all others. They can instil perfect grace into whatever they do, and can make it perfectly charming whatever it may be. Of course, you are never allowed to see a Frenchwoman when she has a cold in her head, but I shouldn't wonder if she contrived to make even that graceful. Remember the powder and make-up craze? Cast your minds back to a few years ago, and you will recollect how those dear wives and sisters of yours used to sniff if another woman powdered her nose, and how they retired into seclusion when they wanted to do it themselves. We thought then that make-up was "not quite nice." Then, if you remember, the powder-puff became quite normal. It was explained to us that the skins of even quite nice women became shiny, and we bowed to the fact.

Fashions in Blouses

Nowadays, the nicest women will produce a little *batterie de cuisine* of facial apparatus, and will turn themselves into somebody slightly different on the slightest provocation, *coram publico*. And we like it. Look up any old novel, and you will see how ugly such a performance was before it became fashionable. You can't have forgotten the newspaper howl about peek-a-boo blouses a few summers ago. Now the dear things wear low-necked dresses in the daytime, and nobody dreams of sniffing, especially the doctors.

The Truth

I am hoping that when Miss Christabel returns from France she will have taken lessons and contrived to make even the woman's question dainty. In Paris they have done it. They admit quite frankly that they want to remain our playthings. The French tell the truth so much better than we do, and Frenchwomen (for that matter all real women) know that "the playthings" are our rulers. They know that the woman who shrieks for her rights is as out of place in the social system as a man is in the *dames seules* compartment

(Continued on page 35)

Untrue to Her Name

MLLE. CHRISTIANE DIX DANCES IN HINDU FASHION

Though not pretending to be experts in the matter of Hindu dances or costume—or the absence of it—that depicted above doesn't strike us as being particularly convincing. However, doubtless Mlle. Dix, the Parisian Dancer, knows her business and she looks very charming, so what more can we ask? *Photograph* *Talbot*

(*Continued from page 354*)

of a French railway train. He always has to go when the guard comes, but if he gets into an ordinary compartment he can usually have all the female society he requires and be allowed to smoke as well.

Pretty Barristers

A cynical old friend of mine in Paris told me once that he never travelled "smoking" because there were always so many women in the carriages, and they did chatter so. In England we have Suffragists who shriek for admission to the Bar. In Paris we have numbers of lady barristers who do extremely well and who look very pretty (don't they know it, too?) in their severe black and white. The Frenchwoman has learned that the very last way to get what she wants is to shriek injustice because she hasn't got it.

At Madame's Tea-Party

I learned all this and many other things at Madame la Baronne's tea-party, which she called *Un Meeting pour Approfondir la Question du Suffrage des Femmes*. There were several men there to listen, because men in Paris have achieved the knack of freedom during business hours and any other hours when the Parisienne calls. We were told that the Tango and little revolvers for unfaithful lovers had become quite too *bourgeois* for anything. The Parisienne always stops taking interest in a fashion as soon as it has become general. She is playing with politics now, and she will drop that presently when the movement swells, just as young women have dropped *ce cher Monsieur l'Abbé* first and the practice of frivolity afterwards. For the moment it is fashionable to think.

A Permanent Pursuit

"Is there," I asked little Madame la Baronne, "any *permanent* pursuit for women? Is there anything in which your interest will never flag?" She put her teacup down, fluffed a tiny curl into its proper position over her left ear (as you know, of course, ears are being worn again now), and looked up in my face. "Don't be silly," she said, after the interlude, "you know what a tongue the Duchess has, and she is looking straight across at us. But, of course, there will be always a permanent pursuit for women. Are there not several ways in which Eve could have worn her girdle of vine leaves?" "Then——." "*T'es bête!*" said little Madame la Baronne. She looks so pretty when she blushes. JOHN N. RAPHAEL

WANTED, A GENERAL BOTHA

Anarchy

General Botha is wanted in Berlin. Some vicious, disorderly citizens are on strike. What is worse, these anarchical citizens are public servants; they are cashiers in the municipality; and at an hour of tension in the city's affairs—just when people are trying to evade paying their house rates and income tax—the villainous fellows choose to revolt. The fact is, the town has bidden them be photographed, thus immortalising their effigies, but the scoundrels say "No." They say: sooner than be photographed at sevenpence a head we will reproduce the anarchy of Johannesburg.

Herr Woggli

The cause of the trouble was a rogue. Usually it is a saint. The rogue was a bold, bad municipal cashier, named, say, Woggli, who some time back embezzled £5,000, Berlin municipal money. Enough to put a fraction of a pfennig on the Berlin Bystander's rates. Herr Woggli absconded, and for months no one could catch him. He had never been photographed; and the new selenium process could not be used to flash his dishonest face to the ends of the earth.

Photography

Berlin municipality now woke up to the ancient fact that photography stands very high among the applied arts. It produced a syllogism worthy of Archbishop Paley. "If all municipal employees," ran the syllogism, "were memorialised by photographers then no one would embezzle. Or if anyone embezzled he would be promptly caught." And it set to work. The official known as "Herr Kämmerer" led the field. He applied to the municipal assembly for a vote of marks 1,050 and for a resolution that every one of the town's 1,750 cashiers must be officially photographed (at a cost of sevenpence a head). The photographs would be filed, "in order to facilitate tracing future embezzlers." The money and resolution were voted.

Briton and German

The manner in which this monstrous vote and resolution were taken admirably illustrates the difference 'twixt Germans and Britons. On such provocation, 1,750 British cashiers would have done one of three things: (1) They would have flatly refused to be photographed and stuck to their refusal; (2) they would have obeyed, but have made such hideous grimaces that the selenium process would have been worse than useless, and half England's bishops would have been gaoled as cashiers; (3) they would have obeyed, donned their most lady-killing smiles, and forced the photographer to supply them with fifty copies at the official sevenpence. But Germans are Germans.

The Covenant

They held four fierce meetings of protest against the infamous insult of ordering an honest man and bureaucrat to be photographed on the assumption that he would commit a crime. Just as if he were a convicted criminal in gaol! A gentleman named Schellpfeffer—which means "shell pepper"—organised the protest. An universal vow was taken not to be photographed. A Covenant! Then three days passed. The cashiers began to look at one another with doubting, shameful eyes, and soon it leaked out that 1,700 of them had secretly faced the sevenpenny photographer. Only fifty had kept the vow.

The Strikers

These fifty heroes are still inflexible. They abjure the infamous "Kämerrer" and his infamous camera and proclaim a strike. Wise Prussian law which regulates everything from High Finance to Low Comedy, forgot to say what their rights are; and only a Botha can cut the Gordian knot.

Keeping His Place in the—Snow

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT LEAVING PARLIAMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA

Photograph *James, Toronto*

The photograph reproduced above was taken in Ottawa and shows the Eastern Block entrance of the Canadian Parliament House. Crossing the snow-swept pathway to his waiting car is the Duke of Connaught, Canada's Governor-General, whose retirement from his arduous duties as his Majesty's representative in the Dominion, duties which at this time of the year must be performed in a very chilly climate, is not unexpected in the near future. The Duke will be 64 this spring, and, despite his strong constitution, is hardly suited to the sort of thing seen above

GOOD FOR ONE BUT

A PICTORIAL STATEMENT OF THE HORSEM

1. Huntsman (late for the meet): "By jove! One can move on these prepared roads!"
2. Twenty minutes later; horse skids: "These confounded prepared roads ought not to be allowed!"
3. A prepared hilly road is simply cruelty to an
4. A shy used to be a thing of little consequence

Hacking, it is said, on country highways in the Home Counties is becoming impossible owing to the prepared roads, which are mainly, in these days, of the asphalt variety, specially hardened for motor traffic. When dry they are slippery enough, but when a shower of rain has washed all grit from the surface, they are extremely dangerous for horses. The danger is accentuated by the convex slope on the surface for purposes of drainage, and there are no broad grassy tracts at the sides of

UT NOT FOR T'OTHER

SEMAN'S GRIEVANCE AGAINST MOTOR ROADS

uelty to animals
onsequence

5. But now it is sometimes a tragedy
6. The result of jumping into a "prepared" road
7. Elderly Angler: "Used to be lots of fish here when I was a boy"
Farmer: "There weren't no motor roads then!"

the road, as in such counties as Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and Lincolnshire, nor is it possible to ride off the road, as in open counties like Devon and Somerset. It is a case of "'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer," as depicted in the famous *Punch* picture of John Leech's day, and of trusting to luck, a trust which is very often found to be badly misplaced. The dust and noise created by the car in the country are also responsible for the scaring of fish from their old-time haunts

BY LIONEL EDWARDS, A.R.C.A.

WHERE TO BASK

At Santa Margherita: The Lapping Waters

WINTER ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

Basking-Time

When Northern Europe is grumbling because it is too cold for comfort and not cold enough for skating, or growling at blizzards and slush, it is basking-time down on the Italian Riviera. January and February and the first half of March are the pick of the year on that glorious crescent of coast-line around the Gulf of Tigulio. In the centre is Rapallo, with Santa Margherita and Portofino to the right, and Zoagli and Sestri Levante to the left. All of them with hotels providing a sufficiency of *de luxe*.

A Lovely Coast-Road

The shore-road to Portofino is considered the most beautiful road in Italy. To the one hand the waters of lapis-lazuli splash gently against promontory rocks or curl lazily into the curves of sandy bays; to the other hand are steep slopes of mountain-side, down which the grey-green olives and the parasol pines are crowding to bid you welcome and pleasant sojourn. These olives are not the bent and gnarled little old men of mistral-scourged Provence, but tall, spreading trees in the prime of life, with leaves that all day long flash helio messages to one another; and the pines are so soft of outline that they seem to be nature's pastel drawings. Unlike the roads of the French Riviera, this walk is not polluted with the dust and exhaust of ceaseless motors and trams, or the echoes made hideous with squawks, squeals, and clangs. It is very restful in its peacefulness.

Under the Hills

Portofino, at the end of the pilgrimage, is the quaintest of fishing-villages, its tiny harbour always interesting with lateen-sailed fishing-boats or sturdy square-rigged coasting vessels. The harbour itself nestles warmly and snugly into the slopes of hills, but not a quarter-mile distant to the west is open ocean and the tang of the fresh salt breeze. There is an excellent hotel for visitors, and several villas which may be taken for the season.

The Nature-Lover's Country

Half-way on the road between Santa Margherita and Portofino is the Castello di Paraggi, shown in the illustration—a *chateau* set on a bold promontory of rock, highly suggestive of romance. It is owned by an Englishman. Santa Margherita, curving round a lagoon-like bay, brilliant with the reds, greens, and yellows of the Italian houses, is a glorious sun-trap. Hotels are numerous and of many grades. In recent years this resort has come rapidly into favour. Zoagli, a village, is also bidding for the custom of the *forestieri*.

There is a casino near to Rapallo, with all the requisites for those who must have casino amusements; but there is no attempt at the glittering gaiety of Monte Carlo or Nice. The Italian Riviera is essentially for the nature-lover.

MAX RITTENBERG

A DISTANT VIEW OF THE CASTELLO DI PARAGGI

By the Waters of Lapis-Lazuli

CASTELLO DI PARAGGI, ON THE ROAD TO SANTA MARGHERITA

Photograph *Sciutto*

The fishing village of Portofino is situated on a promontory looking out into the Gulf of Tigulio, and at a short distance from it along the coast-road northward to Santa Margherita is the hamlet Paraggi and the picturesque Castello di Paraggi seen above, perched on a bold, though not very lofty, rock. The Castello is, in these days, owned by an Englishman

The Tearful Tyrant and Her Husband's Secretary

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

A SCENE FROM THE FOURTH ACT OF "THE TYRANNY OF TEARS," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

The modernised version of Mr. Haddon Chambers' famous play, which was first produced in London as far back as 1899, is a pronounced success, a fact that goes to prove that Mr. Chambers was, when he wrote the play, very much ahead of his Victorian contemporaries. The picture above represents Miss Evelyn D'Alroy as Hyacinth Woodward, Mr. Parbury's secretary, and Miss Ethel Irving as Mrs. Parbury, in one of the closing scenes of the play

The Navy from Within

No. VIII.—"THE SOCIAL SIDE"

By RICHARD PINK

HE came to me for advice, but I knew he would not take it, even if he understood the things I told him. So I sent him to the Officer of his Division, and—to still an uneasy conscience—I wrote this parable of the future.

. . . . . .

Petty Officer John Delamot possessed many of the instincts and some of the manners of a gentleman. Incidentally, he was as smart a Gunner's Mate as Whale Island had ever turned out. When you gave him an order you could be perfectly certain that it would be well and truly carried out.

There was no shirking about Petty Officer Delamot. He did not stand about and talk ; he just made things hum. Consequently, the Gunnery Lieutenant swore by him, and did all that within him lay to ensure Petty Officer Delamot's promotion.

Now I want to make it clear that Delamot was a good fellow in all ways. Every bit of praise or promotion that came to him was thoroughly deserved, for he worked with an ideal before him all the time, and he lived up to it.

You see, when Delamot was only a Leading Seaman he married little Dorothy Venning, the daughter of a Portsea publican—and very much a lady to him in those days—in sheer defiance of her parents. Consequently, little Dorothy had given up lots of things for him, and one of these days he meant to repay her.

Not that Dorothy ever regretted her bargain, mind you ; she loved her man too well for that. Besides, she, too, liked work, so she took in washing, and cut down expenses to the barest farthing, while she urged her husband not to worry about life at home, but to spend all his energies in doing well in the Navy.

There is no doubt about it that Dorothy was a brick —a real brick—and the sort of wife that any man might well be proud of. She loved her husband, and she loved her home, and, later on, she adored her children, as was only to be expected.

Then, one day, the Powers-that-Be, in answer to an urgent appeal from the masses, produced a scheme whereby men of exceptional merit might be promoted to the rank of Acting Mate, and in due course take their place in the wardroom as Lieutenants, R.N.

Unfortunately, this scheme only applied to bachelors, so Delamot said that it was a damned shame, and that a married man was far more likely to be anxious to rise in his profession than a gay and giddy bachelor. Here was he—because he happened to have done his duty to the nation—tied down to the rank of Gunner, with the possibility of one day, when he was too old to enjoy it, being made a Ranker Lieutenant, whilst others far less qualified were being promoted above his head. All of which, in its way, was quite true.

Anyhow, Delamot felt sore about it, and so did many others. Consequently, the Powers-that-Be, always anxious to please, changed their ideas and decided that, after all, married men should be allowed promotion to wardroom rank.

Delamot applied at once, and passed with flying colours.

Little Dorothy may have felt a qualm, but she did not show it to her husband. Instead, she purchased a handbook of etiquette, a cheap course of " Parisian French in Three Weeks," and a new hat.

They moved to a larger house, for, as Delamot said, he was now a commissioned officer, and they must keep up their position. The kiddies, as soon as they were old enough, should go to a good school. They were rich now, so they engaged a small handmaiden as well, and pretty Dorothy, studying her handbooks patiently, learnt the correct angle at which to tilt her head when saying, " Pleased to meet you."

But, unfortunately, this dream of wealth did not last.

Delamot was sent to a ship in the Mediterranean, and Mrs. Delamot moved back into a small house in the old street. Also, she dispensed with the services of the maid. This was not an example of cautious economy ; strange to relate, it was absolutely necessary.

You see, when Delamot had been getting his four shillings and sixpence a day as a Gunner's Mate, he had had little or no messbill to pay out of it, and very few expenses of any sort to meet. Indeed, he had been passing rich for his station in life.

But now, on ten shillings a day—less income tax—poverty stared them in the face. Delamot's messbill was rarely less than five or six pounds a month ; he needed more clothes, and those clothes more expensively made ; he needed more pocket money ; in fact, he needed many things which he had to do without in order to send his money home. But he felt the strain.

Now, once more I want you to understand that Delamot was a jolly good sort. He was a born leader of men, and he had that intangible gift of being popular with all sorts of people. Children loved him ; men admired and liked him ; and women—well, women showed a distinct tendency to go crazy over him.

As time went on his popularity became even greater. He picked up wardroom ways and wardroom speech with astounding ease, and, on a foreign station where men are brought together so closely as in the wardroom of one of His Majesty's ships, he soon made friends—real friends—among his brother officers.

Nor was that all. They took him ashore in Malta to meet their wives and see their homes ; they invited him to dinner, and entertained him royally.

Their wives sang to him, and talked to him on all subjects. They taught him many things—more than they themselves realised—and so, gradually, every idea he possessed changed.

Even his ideas of womanhood became subtly altered.

Previously, he had looked upon little Dorothy as the ideal woman in every way. She kept her house spotless; she trained the children in the way they should go; and she always looked neat when she went out. Certainly, she was interested in few subjects except those intimately connected with her own life. Her knowledge of music was limited to "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and "God Save the King," thumped out with one finger on the aged cottage piano in the little home, and her ideal of art had never soared beyond the highly coloured reproductions from Christmas numbers which adorned the walls of the tiny parlour. All of which had once seemed excellent, nay, refined.

Now, however, Delamot found himself face to face with a new type of womanhood. Women who thought for themselves; who read books and could discuss all sorts of subjects. Women who could sing beautifully, even in Italian or French; who really enjoyed going to the opera; who rode, drove, played tennis and golf; who smoked cigarettes, and gave him a delightful thrill when they spoke to him.

Their homes, too, were decorated and managed in a way he had never before believed possible. They did not have wax fruit under glass covers on the sitting-room table, nor did the Family Bible find a prominent position upon a worsted d'oyley in the centre of the room.

Delamot was becoming educated in more ways than one. But never, even for a second, did he allow his head to be turned. His cheque went home as regularly as the first of the month came round, and his letters arrived in Portsmouth by every mail. He went without things just as cheerfully as before; but—the strain was telling.

Meanwhile, far away in Portsmouth, Dorothy spent her days in looking after the two kiddies, and her evenings in studying French and deportment. She even made herself a little evening dress to wear when *he* came home. Never, for more than ten minutes, did her thoughts stray away from him.

She was saving money, too, was Dorothy, for she had not told him about getting rid of the little maid. Instead, she was putting the money by for that glorious time when *he* would come home and they would celebrate once more.

And then, quite suddenly, the smallpox came and wiped out the two kiddies. Dorothy nursed them devotedly, and when they died, sat down and wrote the news to her husband—a little ill-spelt letter with tear marks all the way down it, and a big smudge at the end where she had dropped her miserable little head upon the wet ink.

He got it the day before his ship left for England to pay-off, and it jagged him up badly. But somehow, at the end of twenty-four hours the pain was not half so keen as he had expected.

Even his ideas of children had changed during those two eventful years abroad.

He put the letter in his pocket, next to that other one from the Admiral's daughter who thanked him for saving her life when her horse, on Marsa Racecourse, bolted, and tried to charge the railings.

That letter, too, was wonderfully precious, for he—this new Delamot—knew now that Miss Duchesney was the one girl he could have loved and honoured from the very depths of his soul—the girl he would willingly have died for. Not that he had ever said a word about it, mind you—Delamot always played the game.

And so, in due course, he came home to the little road in North End, where there are nine public-houses and two pawnbrokers' establishments, and he picked his way somewhat carefully among the pieces of paper and orange-peel which decorated the pavement.

Somehow, he noticed for the first time how very, very mean the little street was.

At last he reached his own home. He looked in through the window and saw the wax fruit under the glass cover, and the Family Bible on the table in the centre of the room. It shocked him—horribly.

Then he knocked, and Dorothy came. She was tearful and garrulous, and, because the loss of the children had shaken her and because there had been no one to whom she could turn for sympathy, she smelt a little of gin.

Delamot comforted her and talked to her, yet all the time his soul cried out in agony.

Dorothy, with her work-red arms and clumsy hands and feet, with tousled hair that spoke all too plainly of newspaper curlers, looked so horribly worn and common. Quite unconsciously, he found himself comparing his wife with someone else—someone who rode, and drove, and understood men.

The poverty of the house, the musty smell of the parlour, the very crudity of the wall-paper, all sickened him. He longed to get away and think it over quietly.

And all the time little Dorothy looked upon this husband of hers with new eyes, and presently she, too, understood.

So, when an hour later he told her that he had to return on board his ship that night, she did not try to keep him. Instead, she kissed him a little passionately and watched him down the road.

Then, quite quietly, she walked into the scullery, and, uncoiling a piece of the clothes-line, hanged herself.

But Delamot never knew, for when his servant went to call him in his cabin next morning he found his master peacefully asleep with an empty morphia phial beside him, and a brief note to his Captain, asking him to be sure that Mrs. Delamot got the pension.

That's all!

. . . . . .

If this melodramatic ending does not suit you, there are plenty of alternatives to select from—take your choice—but I defy you to find a really nice, happy, satisfactory one.

RICHARD PINK

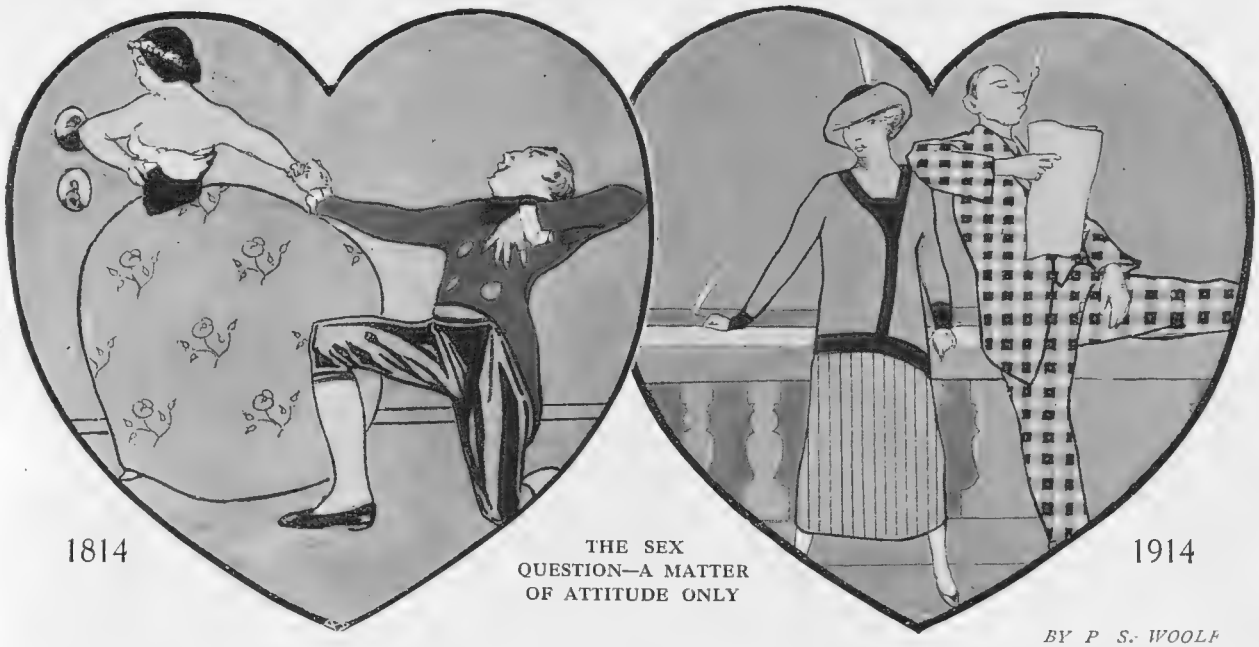
NEXT WEEK—

"SERPENTS IN EDEN"

BY THE SAME CONTRIBUTOR

Attitudes of the Moment

AS SEEN BY OUR SATIRISTS



THE SEX QUESTION—A MATTER OF ATTITUDE ONLY

BY P. S. WOOLF

ATTEMPTING TO "PARALYSE THE GOVERNMENT"

MARION (in love with a Socialist): "If you "lock out" Mr. Sprightley because he believes in Trade Unions I shall declare a sympathetic strike"

PAPA: "If you encourage Mr. Sprightley in his mistaken notions about Unions I shall deport you"

ORIGIN OF FASHIONS: THE OBSOLETE CABHORSE IS AT LEAST TO BE THANKED FOR SOMETHING

BY SID TREEBY

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

IS there a proper excitement about Home Rule yet? There ought to be. This is "the Eleventh Hour"—see the Press generally. Yet the man in the street, confound him, seems to be waiting quite cold-bloodedly until 11.59.

* * *

"The time for rhetoric has gone by," says "Index" of the *Daily Telegraph*, apropos of the Irish question, and adds, a line or two later, "On the head of the wrestler who first draws his knife to help him the curse of this English century will lie." A little contradictory, these two statements, aren't they?

* * *

What a capital thing the re-opening of Parliament is. But for it, we should so easily forget that *the* question of interest at the present moment is Welsh Disestablishment—and not the Train Tragedy or the University Boat Race, or the refusal of the Bishop of London to try a forcible lunch at the hand of the Suffragettes.

* * *

Talking of the latter, the split between the Misses Pankhurst does not appear to have been properly understood by people in general. Our special feminist correspondent assures us that the real difference between the sisters is that, if anybody has to be bashed, Miss Sylvia would prefer the victim to be a policeman, whereas Miss Christabel would rather pick out some other sort of male.

The Prince of Wied is said to be going to start for his Albanian kingdom on a yacht chartered from an American millionaire. This sort of plot has already been used by a good many Ruritanian novelists, but the Prince might, of course, get something out of the "picture" rights.

* * *

"Artists"—it is now being urged—"should sign their pictures with their thumb-prints, as this would prevent them being attributed to other masters at some future date." And even at the present date, among some of these pictures which may represent either a lady sitting in a chair or a waterfall—you can't be sure which—it would be quite jolly to come upon an unmistakable little piece of composition like a thumb-print.

* * *

A child of five recently made a couple of flights at Hendon, and there is some talk, we hear, of trying to arrange regular hours at which mothers who desire the gratification of watching their infants looping the loop may do so.

* * *

The Lord Chief Justice, after visiting Wormwood Scrubs Prison the other day, expressed great satisfaction with it. Regular inmates, however, of the place maintain that the amount of satisfaction to be obtained from it depends largely upon the length of the visit.

* * *

CHEERY DESIGNS FOR WAITING ROOMS—No. 4. THE EDITOR'S

By J. H. Dowd

Roman Catholics must have been much gratified by a little paragraph that appeared in the papers a little time ago, showing how human, after all, the Pope is. It seems that His Holiness did not, as was erroneously reported, order the Tango to be danced before him, previous to banning it. He just banned it.

* * *

Americans, by the way, have instituted Tango expresses, in which a long train journey can be whiled away by means of this dance. In this country it is only in the slower trains that one sees passengers dancing with any real abandon.

* * *

Big-game hunting, always disapproved of by humanitarians, seems to be going out. At any rate, we notice that Mr. Atkinson and Mr. Garrard are getting up an expedition into Northern Asia for the far nobler purpose of capturing "a minute Chinese parasite."

PRESENT DAY TYPES

No. VII.—THE CINEMA TOUT

BY ARTHUR WATTS

The "Bystander" Series of Short Stories

THE SISTERS

A ROMANCE OF 1994

"AND you—you—it is possible—that—that you care for me?" cried Lauretta, as, divided between hope and fear, she half extended her arms towards the sofa end on which William Dawson was seated.

A lovely blush rose to his cheeks, and he turned away his head, so that she could the better study the purity of his Grecian profile. "I—I am not wholly indifferent to you," he whispered under his breath.

About to clasp him to her bosom, Lauretta paused. "But Imogen, what will Imogen say? What will she do?" she cried in a sudden hush of hesitation. "She—already—I have thought that she suspects. William— You—you are not promised—you are not bound to her?"

Again William's face grew red, but it was with anger. "I—have I ever given you cause to think me—to believe me capable of that?" he asked, reproachfully.

"No, no, my darling, my dear, my dearest little one. I think nothing of you but what is best and purest. But—but, Imogen—if she knows—"

William suddenly rose angrily to his feet. "After all," he said, "I did not ask for your love. If you value it so little, if you think my happiness of such small account, that you must think first of your sister's possible anger——." Sobs choked his utterance, and he laid his hand upon his bosom as though to check the beating of his heart. There were those among his friends of his own age and sex who contended that William Dawson had been, from the flapper stage, the most accomplished little *poseur* in England. At least not the most sceptical could have doubted the genuineness of the angry appeal that thrilled his voice, or of the gleam of reproach in his eye.

Lauretta, though half-distraught with the violence of her emotion, maintained her self control. "You do not understand, little one," she answered gently, yet with set jaws. "If only I were—if only my happiness were at stake—if only you and I and Imogen were concerned—you cannot doubt that I would cast aside every thought, every care, every consideration but my love for you. But not only our own fates—those of the shareholders who trust me are at stake. If I quarrel with Imogen, if the company is imperilled,—and you have seen enough of Imogen to know that she is so passionate, so self-willed, so immovable once her passions are aroused that she would sacrifice the world to satisfy her slightest whim—if she deserts the company and we lose the army contract—well, it means ruin."

Though somewhat awed by the earnestness with which she spoke, William was in no wise mollified. "If I were a woman," he pouted, "I could sacrifice everything, the silly old company, the nation, the whole world, for the sake of the man I loved. You speak of Imogen. Would she hesitate, do you think, if I had said to her—if I had let her see so much of my heart as I have shown to you? But you, you think nothing, you care nothing for my love. Perhaps you even despise me, perhaps you think me"—he hesitated—"but why should I not say it, shameless, immodest, for saying so much as I have. But you, you yourself are to blame. You have taught me to—to love you. And now—now—when you have made sure of your victim, when you know that my heart is in your hands, to break as and when you will—now you remember your wretched company, your ridiculous shareholders. I—oh, if I had been a woman—should not have treated you so. I should have——." But his emotion overcame him. He let his face fall among the soft cushions and sobbed unrestrainedly.

For a moment Lauretta still hesitated, her heart torn between love and her obvious duty. But William was there, before her, her duty was, at best, an idea, a noble idea, indeed, but lacking, in the face of William's charms, in actuality. She ceased her angry pacing to and fro. William still sobbed unrestrainedly. Lauretta gazed down upon him, marking the gracious line of his limbs, about half-concealed by the pink silk Fandango trousers which were then in fashion, at the long lashes that could barely hide the big tears welling from his eyes, at the dainty moustache, normally so coquettishly impertinent in its every line, but now limp, unkempt, carelessly drooping in the abandonment of his misery. Had William been clean-shaven, as was at the time of which I write, already becoming fashionable, this story might never have been written. But the drooping, anguished line, the limp self-abandonment of the daintiest charm that can grace the face of Beauty was too much for her self-control. With a single motion she cast herself upon her knees before the pathetic little figure sobbing in the sofa corner. "My dear," she cried, "my own dearest little love, what do I care for, for myself, for the shareholders, for the company? I love you—I love you. And may Imogen be damned!" This last she said with a sudden bitterness, and even as she spoke she ceased her attempt to coax William's face from between the slender palms that were such stern janitors. For, as she said the words, she was aware that the door behind her had opened, and that someone—she recognised her, even although her eyes were still fixed upon Willian—that someone had entered.

"The President," said a cold voice behind her, "has asked me to tell you that the Board is ready."

The voice was cold and dispassionate enough. Nevertheless, Lauretta, for all her love, was painfully aware of the absurdity of her position. In love she might be, but

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

To England, via Sweden and America

MISS MARTHA HEDMAN, LEADING LADY AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

Photograph *Sarony*

Various as have been the verdicts of the critics upon "The Attack," Sir George Alexander's production at the St. James's Theatre, opinion has been unanimous about the acting therein, and with the excellence of that acting Miss Hedman has much to do. She plays the leading part of Renée de Rould, and is the first Swedish actress to appear on a London stage, though she has played in America—also in "The Attack"

for the managing director of the Imperial Plumage Company to be found on her knees before a little man who, however charming, was fundamentally no more than a toy for idle moments, was ignominious enough. For a moment Lauretta wished that the dainty little figure on the sofa could have been transported, at a wish, anywhere ten thousand miles beyond the ken of her stern-faced sister. She rose from her knees and drew herself to her full height. "Very well," she said, "I will come at once. I was only—I was only speaking to my betrothed."

As she said the words she lifted her eyes and directed them full at her sister's face. But Imogen did not blench. "Miss Figgis is already in attendance," she said icily, and withdrew, closing the door behind her. Lauretta cast herself once more upon her knees, and this time William did not withhold his lips. But even as they embraced there came a new light into his eyes, a glow of eager triumph that might well have given pause to one less entoiled than was Lauretta. But she saw nothing, thought of nothing but the greatness of her love, and when she rose to obey her sister's call William's features had resumed their usual gentle docility.

. . . .

Mrs. Dedman, the President of the Imperial Plumage Company, was nervously playing with the unlighted cigar she held in her hand, occasionally casting appealing glances at the accusing figure of her elder daughter and co-director.

"But, dearest Imogen, what can I do?" she said at last, tearfully. "Dearest Lauretta always would go her own way. And if she thinks it better to come to an understanding with Mrs. Braithwaite——"

Imogen made a gesture of impatience. "You have no more backbone than a man," she said angrily. "Not so much as some men. Don't you see—can't you understand that Mrs. Braithwaite is really under another name, the heaviest stockholder in the Feather Trust? Don't you see that, all the while she preaches friendship she is really doing her best to suck our brains? Don't you know that in three months the army contracts are to be given out, and that if our tender is not accepted it means ruin, and worse?"

"But Lauretta says, dear——"

"Don't you see that if the Braithwaite woman, by hook or by crook, gets any inkling of the amounts we are paying to the various Regimental Quarter-Mistresses, not to speak of the War Ministress, she will make it impossible for us ever to get a contract again, and the Feather Trust will get them instead?"

"But Mrs. Braithwaite, dear——"

"Mrs. Braithwaite, I tell you, is a cunning, designing cat of a woman, who is heart and soul our enemy. And why, pray, do you imagine, Lauretta cannot see it, Lauretta, forsooth, who is supposed to be such a genius of understanding? Simply because the Braithwaite woman is a friend of little Willie Dawson—"

"Whom you, Imogen, are madly in love with," came from the doorway behind her, in Lauretta's cold, crisp voice.

Imogen turned sharply upon her. "And I am not ashamed of it. Willie is the sweetest, purest, daintiest man that God ever made—"

"But he has the bad taste to prefer me to you." Lauretta turned to the bewildered President. "Mother," she said, "Willie has just promised to be my husband."

"But," went on the elder sister as though she had not heard. "However much I might love a man I would never allow that love to come between me and the duty I owe to others. But we are wasting time." Her voice took a dryer, more impersonal note. "I ask you formally, as President of the Corporation, if you will give instructions that Mrs. Braithwaite be written to by the secretary, informing her that we decline any further negotiations for an agreement with the Feather Trust in accordance with my motion at the last meeting of Directors?"

"She will do nothing of the kind," said Lauretta, sharply.

"Dearest children," began the President, but Imogen interrupted. "Yes or no?" she insisted.

"I—my dear—I cannot——"

"Very well. Then I now formally resign my seat on the Board, and in accordance with the Articles of Association I offer to you, as representing the company, all my holding of both ordinary and deferred shares at par. Kindly put that down, Miss Figgis."

"As for you"—Imogen again faced her sister—"you can go, cat that you are, to little Willie—"

"Be careful." Lauretta's face was hard and tense.

"To your dainty little Willie——"

Crack! Lauretta's hand flew out, and slapped her sister's cheek.

It was the needed spark to precipitate the explosion. A moment later four long parallel scratches furrowed Lauretta's face, and before their anguished mother could interfere their hands were deep in each other's hair, and the pent-up resentment they had concealed ever since they realised their rivalry for William Dawson's love was finding expression.

. . . .

"I feel awfully nervous," said Lauretta, shamefacedly.

"Nonsense," said Irene Sanders, her best-woman to be, "you'll be as right as a trivet. I'll get you a brandy-and-soda if you really want it, but you'd be better without it."

"Half-past eleven," said Lauretta. "Another hour and I shall be the wife of——"

"Of the sweetest little man that walks," put in Irene. "You are a lucky woman, Lauretta."

"I almost wonder if such luck can last," said the happy bride. "If—yes, who's that? Come in."

The door opened, and a servant entered with a note. "From William," said Lauretta, opening it eagerly. "The little darling." But before she had read two lines she gave a strangled cry, and the note slipped from her fingers.

"What in Heaven's name has happened?" cried Irene, and receiving no reply picked up the note and read it. It ran as follows:

Carlton Gardens, Feb. 18, 1994

I have sometimes wondered whether even you could be so dense as not to realise the contempt, even the loathing, you have inspired in me. Perhaps you will realise it now when I tell you that before you get this I shall be married to the woman I love, Kate Braithwaite, just elected President of the Imperial Feather Trust. It may interest you to know that a full statement of the amounts you have distributed in bribes has been laid before the President of the Board of Supplies, and that the name of your company will be, if it has not already been, struck off the list of tenderers, while a prosecution will follow in due course. Perhaps the next time you feel inclined to express your contempt for the inferior sex, as you call us, you will remember that on at least one occasion one of those despised men has managed to outwit even the astute Lauretta Dedman. — Yours never, WILLIAM BRAITHWAITE.

All of which goes to show that in 1994, as in earlier years, it is wiser not to mix love with business.

Colonel Bogey's Remains

DISCOVERED IN A BUNKER ON A CHINESE GOLF-COURSE

An Englishman playing golf not long ago at Fanling, in China, drove a ball, and on following it up discovered that it had hit an earthenware jar on the course (which, by the way, looks, as far as one can see, as if it could do with a bit of improvement). The jar was broken by the impact and revealed the gruesome sight seen above—the remains of some Chinaman of a previous era, who had been "potted" on death, according to the burial customs of ancient China, and left upon the hill-side. We should not be surprised if a *real* bogey were hereafter to haunt this particular golf-course!

THE BYSTANDER AMONG . . . THE BOOKS . . .

By RALPH STRAUS

Mr. Zangwill's Play

Mr. Israel Zangwill's play, *The Melting Pot* (Heinemann: 2*s.* 6*d.* net), after a successful run in America, may now be seen by London playgoers, and also be read, with various appendices and a lengthy afterword in somewhat polemic vein, in book form. Whether it will appeal to Englishmen very much may be doubted. There are, I understand, dramatic critics who have suggested that the play may read better than it acts, but there are also literary critics who believe that a stage production might be more satisfactory than the book to hand. Which is all rather amusing and not bad advertisement. *The Melting Pot* deals with the question of immigration into America. Are the various nationalities which go to make up the United States of to-day about to breakdown and produce a new nation altogether, or are the various racial characteristics of the immigrants to survive? As might be expected from so ardent a Zionist, Mr. Zangwill's play deals more particularly with the Jew.

A Chicago Story

It is difficult, and, perhaps, not necessary, to advance an opinion on this question, but I am reminded of an incident which occurred to me two years ago in Chicago. I was being shown round the slums of that city, and met a young man who told me that his dearest wish was to visit the "Old Country." He wanted in particular to go to Stratford-on-Avon and to see Windsor Castle. In appearance he was a fairly typical American, and I did not hear his name. I presumed that his family had emigrated from England in the middle of last century. Afterwards I was told that family history. His grandfather was a Swede, who had married an Italian. His father had married a Russian Jewess! But he spoke of England as though his ancestors had been among the earliest British colonists in Virginia. And this, I learnt, was a fairly typical standpoint. To come back to Mr. Zangwill's play, it is at any rate worth reading, and if its chief interest lies rather in the problems it raises than in the actual drama of its story, that cannot be helped.

MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER EXPLAINING THAT CHARLOTTE BRONTË DID NOT MEAN IT

(From the caricature by Tom Titt, at the Doré Galleries)

"The Questing Beast"

Miss Ivy Low's second novel, *The Questing Beast* (Secker: 6*s.*), is certainly a very frank production. I gather that the libraries have not looked on it with too favourable eyes. Sex, of course, again, but sex very cleverly handled. Miss Low seems to think that it is cleaner to call a spade a spade than to veil it in milky verbiage, and here most thinking people will be with her. The story of the three girls, who are all in a large insurance office, is extremely interesting, although the arrangement of the earlier chapters is confused. Rachel Cohen's experiences with two men are not, one imagines, particularly rare, but there are few writers who could so satisfactorily describe them. A few weeks ago I had occasion to speak of the *dullness* of most novels confining themselves almost solely to sex, but Miss Low's book is never dull. Those first chapters, however, should have been written in a different way. To go back continually to learn the history of people is apt to irritate. A number of writers like to start with an "incident" and then go back to explain how it all came about—but surely this hardly ever is really necessary?

"The Ransom for London"

The Prime Minister spent his week-ends in the country, where he looked after his prize bullocks and never opened a despatch box. To him came a strange individual who demanded ten million pounds. To show his power the stranger miraculously killed off all the Prime Minister's prize bullocks, and, later, a number of important young men who were dining together in a London hotel. So serious did the position become that the ten millions of money were paid — in diamonds as requested, and London was saved from a most mysterious death. Such is the outline of Mr. J. S. Fletcher's most ingeniously contrived *The Ransom For London* (Long: 6*s.*), a sprightly romance which demands to be read at a sitting.

RALPH STRAUS

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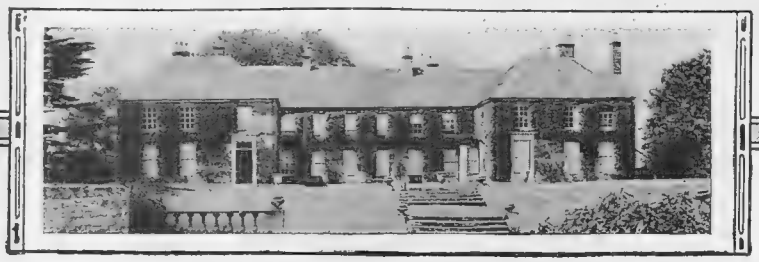

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WARWICKSHIRE'S FIRST VISIT TO THE SOUTH: THEIR MATCH WITH SURREY AT RICHMOND

The Surrey centre forward, G. F. McGrath, makes a clever break-through; he has beaten both backs and the goal-keeper, who has run out to check him. Surrey won the match by a goal to nil

Riviera Lawn Tennis

It has been rather difficult, so far, to enthuse over the tennis on the Riviera. The tournament season there, owing to the birth of fresh meetings year by year, is about twice as long as it was a decade ago. It may be said, roughly speaking, to extend from Christmas to Easter, and the player who essays to "do the round," as it was done in the old days, is now beset by haunting visions of boredom and staleness, which even the joys of the climate—often very much overrated, by the way—cannot utterly dispel. And apart from the physical side of the problem, the leisure—to put it gracefully—of most lawn tennis players is more or less limited. I expect that for these reasons the second half of the season will be more interesting than the first. The presence of the great Australian, Norman Brookes, and his Doubles partner, A. W. Dunlop (both chosen to represent Australasia in the forthcoming Davis Cup contest), will give a fillip to the proceedings. They are due on the Riviera in time for the Monte Carlo tournament, where several of the crack French and German players will also be taking a hand.

***

Players in the Limelight

Meanwhile, the champion, A. F. Wilding, has been keeping his tournament eye in without actually over-exerting himself, which is sound training. Content with two or three demonstrations of his superiority in Singles he has devoted his attention mainly to Doubles and Mixed Doubles with results satisfactory, at any rate, to his fortunate partners, among whom was Miss Maxine Elliott, whom he piloted successfully through to the finals both of the level and handicap mixed doubles at Bordighera. Gordon Lowe, except on the rare occasions when Wilding took a hand, has been *facile princeps* in Singles, and has had a useful ally in Doubles in Wallis Myers, with whom he has succeeded in making Wilding and Craig Biddle, the American, "sit tight" more than once.

***

La Petite Française

The ladies' events at the earlier meetings were rescued from insignificance by the presence of Mlle. Lenglen, the already famous fifteen-year-old French girl, who doubtless justified the fuss made over her by the convincing way in which she won her matches, but it does not appear that she was very highly tried. This, however, was not her fault, and for such a youngster to win three championships is remarkable enough in itself. She was playing again at Beaulieu recently, where stronger players than those she had hither encountered had to be tackled.

County Hockey: A New Departure

The matches played by Warwickshire and Derbyshire in the London district last week were quite an innovation, and a welcome one at that, for hitherto it has not been the custom for Midland teams to visit London, owing principally to the difficulty of getting together a representative team of men with leisure for the trip. Of last week's two touring teams Warwickshire, a county which can boast of about half-a-dozen internationals, is, of course, the stronger on paper; but as it has turned out five of these — Goodwin, Pridmore, and Stafford (forwards) and Birch and Davis (backs)—were unable to accompany the team, which, under these circumstances, may be said to have done well to run both Kent and Surrey to a goal.

Photograph *Sport and General*

KENT v. WARWICKSHIRE AT SUNDRIDGE PARK: A GOAL TO KENT

The question suggested by this picture is "Where has the goal-keeper got to?" He has apparently run out so far as to be out of the range of the camera. The match was won by Kent by 3 goals to 2

Saturday's Rugby International

In spite of those seven points scored by Ireland at Twickenham last Saturday in the first seven minutes, it was soon apparent that England were a better side than Ireland and would win bar accidents; yet the Irishmen, and especially their forwards, played well enough to make the match interesting, and at times very exciting. But their methods were quite old-fashioned. Even when the forwards got the ball in the scrummage they would not heel; they tried to take it on themselves by wheeling and rushing. And perhaps they were right, for their backs, with the exception of Lloyd, possessed little attacking power; they were, in fact, useless when they handled the ball, but splendid when they didn't. Lloyd tried to start a passing run now and again, but found it imprudent, and the hope of the team lay in their punting, in which they excelled, and in their following up, in which they were indefatigable. Their tackling, too, was superb.

ENGLAND v. IRELAND: C. N. LOWE SCORING ENGLAND'S SECOND TRY

This International Rugby match, which was witnessed by the King, at Twickenham on Saturday was won by England by a goal and four tries to two goals (one dropped) and a try

***

England's Mistakes

But good kicking, following-up, and rushing are not of much avail unless the other side makes mistakes. As it happens, England made plenty, and this was where the fun came in. They were so much the stronger in attack, both as regards pace and combination, that whenever they scored by means of accurate passing of the ordinary type it appeared that they could do so *ad lib.* But too often they seemed to think that it was necessary to be very tricky indeed, and in their efforts at extreme *finesse* they sometimes deceived each other as much as their opponents. The forwards were good at getting the ball in the scrummage, but in the open they seemed a bit slow with the exception of Pillman.

***

A Clever Trio

Behind them Oakley was splendid and Davies quite good. The latter contributed to Ireland's first try by mulling a pass, but atoned for this afterwards, and scored England's fifth try "on his own" after the most brilliant individual run of the day. He and Oakley, in fact, fully justified their reinstatement. Poulton was Poulton at his best. He was always doing good things, both in attack and defence, and though he did not actually score himself was mainly responsible for two tries, and had a hand in another. The other backs on the other hand, were not as good as they can be. Even Lowe, though he was the actual scorer of two tries, was having something of an off-day, and Johnston was hardly as reliable as usual.

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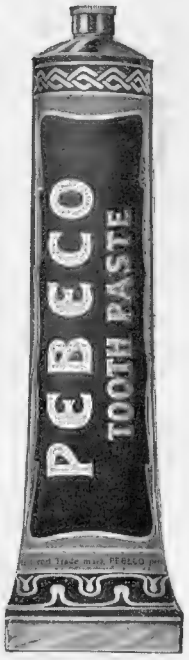

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"Another and Another Still Succeed"—

To pass from International to inter-club play, the standard of club Rugby football has been so extraordinarily high this season that the expression "one of the best games seen so far" is becoming a mere commonplace. I can remember the time when a game, even between a couple of first-class clubs, was quite apt to be so dull that the players themselves must have wondered at times whether the expenditure of so much strenuous effort with so little show for it was really worth the candle, and when the sole purport of a really close match was the negative enjoyment of knowing that each side had reduced the other to a state of incompetence.

* * *

—"And the Last Game"—

But the Rugby team of to-day aims at something higher and more satisfying than the mere keeping of the other team out. It is prepared to risk a sortie in preference to standing a siege, and the result is brighter and more enjoyable football all round. One has seen not so long ago a team score as many as twenty points and yet be beaten by twice that number, a result which would have seemed incredible some few years back. But there is no more harm in being beaten by forty points to twenty than there is in being beaten by six points to three, and it is long odds that the 40-20 match will have proved much more enjoyable for all parties concerned than the 6-3. In modern football the old motto, "Defence, not Defiance," has gone by the board. It is precisely the other way on.

Photograph *Topical*

BARTS v. CHARING CROSS

A match in the second round of the Hospital "Rugger" Cup, which Barts won by a goal and three tries to nil. The Barts forward with the ball is J. B. Mudge, who scored one try and made the run which led up to another

—"Is Welcome as the Former"

The encounter at the beginning of last week between Blackheath and Liverpool added one more to this season's long list of memorable matches. It delighted me so much that, although I know that the latest impressions are always the most vivid, I was not surprised to hear an old footballer of my acquaintance declare that in some respects it was the finest match he had ever seen. He was referring more particularly to the back play of Lloyd, Poulton, Angus, and Jackson for Liverpool and of Coverdale, de Villiers, King, and Watson (who was unfortunately injured and had to go off in the course of the first half), for Blackheath—all of them past, present, or potential internationals in the four Unions of England, Ireland, Scotland, and South Africa. The way in which Blackheath, handicapped by the loss of Watson, pulled the match out of the fire in the last five or six minutes and converted a deficit of five points into a credit balance of one was something to be seen and remembered. It was so fine that the Liverpool men can hardly have felt any remorse at losing. In a match of this kind individual excellence counts for something, and the man who undoubtedly scored a personal triumph in a game in which nobody did the opposite was Coverdale—the best and gamest "little 'un" of the present day.

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RACING: Coming Events.

By CARBINE

Cream of the Winter Season

Thanks largely to favourable weather, there is more "life" about the present steeplechasing season than there has been for many winters past. The cream of the season, however, is yet to come. Next week we shall be at Sandown Park for the ever-popular Grand Military Meeting. There is, happily, plenty of good riding talent in the Services just now, and I think we shall have a really tip-top gathering. There is sure to be a keen contest for the Gold Cup. Captain Dermot McCalmont, who won this much-coveted trophy two years ago on Vinegar Hill, is going to make an attempt to win it again on that horse's own brother, Father Roche. This is a very promising young 'chaser, but he will be up against another smart youngster in Ragtime King, who will be ridden by Mr. H. Misa. In the second week of March we have another very sporting fixture, the National Hunt meeting at Cheltenham.

Grand National Favourites

The bookies are not at all liberal with their Grand National prices. Last week Covertcoat and Lutteur III. were quoted as equal favourites at 9 to 1. I would wait until the week of the Liverpool meeting rather than accept those far from tempting prices. Lutteur III. will run at least once, perhaps twice, before the Grand National, and as his legs, which kept him in retirement for two and a half years, must necessarily still be under suspicion, I should advise those who fancy him to wait awhile, even if it ultimately means getting the worse of the odds. Mr. Hennessy took £10,000 to £800 about Lutteur III. at Nice last month. It looks a big bet, but what does £800 mean to the Cognac millionaire, to whom the staking of the maximum at Monte Carlo is reckoned mere fun? No doubt the Grand National market will expand considerably during the next few weeks. I have heard no very favourable accounts of Twelfth Lancer, but whatever Mr. Percy Whitaker fancies at Aintree will, I think, be worth following.

Kempton Park

I do not think we are in for a very exciting time at Kempton Park this week-end. It is difficult to understand why the Rendlesham Hurdle Handicap on Friday should have secured such a wretched acceptance as six out of twenty-six entries. I expect **General's Pride** will win. On the same day **Marcellinus** may continue his successful record in the Middlesex Steeplechase, while **Wrack** looks like having another very soft job in the Thames Hurdle Race. There is prospect of better sport on the second day, when **Fleeting Peace**, who ran very well at Hurst Park on Saturday, should secure the Two-Mile Steeplechase. **Blockade Runner** is my selection for the Portlane Steeplechase, and **Quickford** for the Littleton Hurdle Race.

A Waterloo Cup Tip

I generally venture upon a tip for the Waterloo Cup and this time I give you **Distingué** as a likely long shot.

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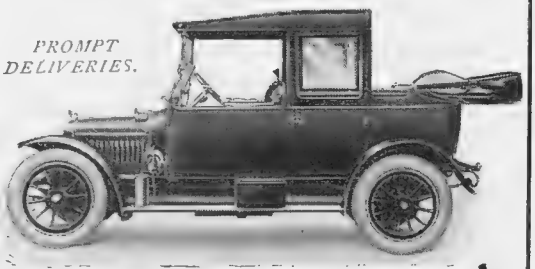

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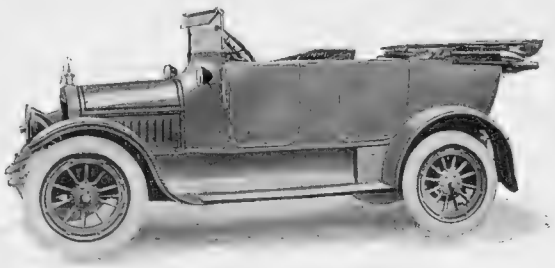

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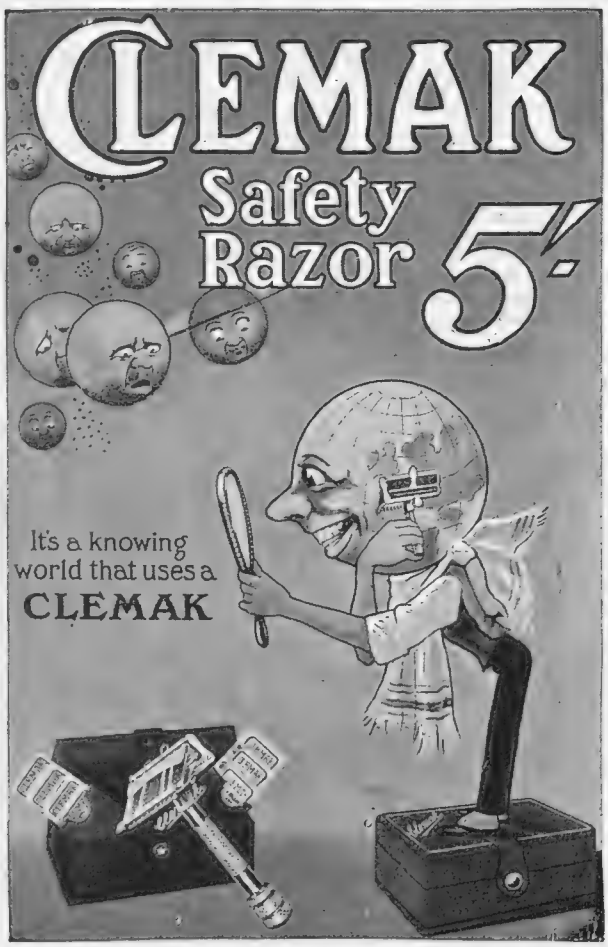

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MOTORING BY Land, Sea & Sky

THE DANGER OF THE "BLIND" CORNER: A CASE ON THE LONDON-BRIGHTON ROAD

An unprotected corner with high hedges and a bye-road entering the main one between Coulsdon and Merstham. The car seen in the picture is a six-cylinder Napier

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Touching the Motor-Boat

There has been little sky and sea about it recently. Mother earth has been too insistent with her motor shows, and other forms of commercial and recreative automobilious dissipation. Land motoring *must* take pride of place. It is a quantity constant in progressive manifestation. In fact or in hope we are all land motorists to-day. The major space of these my columns must necessarily, therefore, reflect the common activity. That apart, there has been little doing in marine motoring to comment upon. In that department there is, annually, a marked period of comparative hibernation. It has been more a matter of laying up than of going down to the sea in boats. Moreover, aquatic automobilism in its totality is a minor affair by quantitative comparison. We are mostly content to sing about the sea and its glories, notwithstanding our national traditions, which are mainly myths. Rivers and inland waters appeal to us much more than the heaving of ships to the stainless blue, particularly when we happen to be on the ships.

The Promise of the Year

That is probably one of the reasons why the motor-boat industry of America is so much greater than the British industry. There they have inland waters in much greater bulk. Also, there they have been more ready to see and accept the advantages, in recreation and business, of the internal-combustion-engine-propelled craft. Also, I suspect, the means of indulgence are more widely distributed. Nevertheless, our own little industry is rubbing along quite sturdily. Our marine engine and our hull-builders stand by general consent in the front rank of the world's greatest craftsman, even as is the case with the car. Some of the evidence thereof will be on exhibition at the forthcoming aero and marine motor show to be held at Olympia between March 16 and 21 next, and to which the King, it is announced, has extended his patronage. It is not a mere space-filling hope I indulge that this show may serve as a revelation to the man who has been given to writing down the motor-boat as without the range of his possibilities; and

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A small party on a Mass-Paige car, for which Byrom and Co. are responsible in the United Kingdom. It is fitted with the latest type of electric self-starting and dynamo lighting equipment

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serve again as a stimulant to him favourably to reconsider the position. If the show be truly representative there should be taut, neat little craft enough and at possible prices to seduce the most invincible long-shoreman. Meanwhile, in the arena of motor-boating we have hardly yet arrived at the clear-deck-for-action stage of the new year in which, later, there will be a very full programme.

As to the Air

As to the air, Hendon mainly keeps the game alive so far as the commonalty are concerned—and very lively Hendon enterprise keeps it. The work there is a progressive demonstration of the growing mastery of man as a sky-pilot, and turbulent airs which, a year or so ago it were certain death to embark upon, are now quite safely navigated. Out of the limelight, of course, the work of the Royal Flying Corps proceeds in as matter-of-fact a manner as the mess caterer proceeds; and similarly obscure experiments and tests by manufacturer and the privateer happen daily in a score of places. The big affair of the moment is the transatlantic flight, for which Lieut. Porte is making preparations with a Curtis seaplane specially built for the job. A 200 h.p. engine is proposed for the power plant, and the machine, it is gravely announced, will be equipped to carry fuel for the whole journey—as if there were any number of replenishing depots between Newfoundland and Ireland. At 65 m.p.h., the seaplane's anticipated average, the trip should occupy about thirty hours. A dual control will enable the two pilots (Porte and another at present unnamed) to relieve one another. It is a trip full of daring and plentifully spiked with risk; but it is quite within the realm of the possible to-day (so swiftly have we moved since the Wright Brothers proved we could move at all), and Porte should make another without the final "e" and without adding to our lugubrious list of pioneers claimed by the spirit of progress. Here's wishing him luck, although it is an American machine he pilots. More as to that, and as to the round-the-world flight now in lively contemplation, and as to the Royal Aero Club dinner fixed for the 27th, at which Mr. Winston Churchill is guest—later.

A MIESSE LIMOUSINE LANDAULETTE
Of 20-30 h.p. supplied to the General Manager of the Sunlight Soap Company of Brussels

News in a Nutshell

The King has extended his patronage to the Aero, Marine, and Stationary Engine Exhibition, to be held at Olympia in March.—The A.A. has arranged headquarters for its members on the Riviera at one guinea for the season for which full (temporary) membership of the Nice Automobile Club, its garage, and what-not are secured. A finely advantageous transaction. Alert A.A.!—The Royal Aircraft Factory has bought the 150 h.p. eight-cylinder Sunbeam aviation engine which it has had on trial for several months, a fairly certain guarantee of satisfaction.—Dunlop, easily dominant in all the motor shows over all other tyres exhibited on motor vehicles, sends the 1914 annual. A concise compendium of the products of England's premier tyre company. A booklet of ready reference invaluable to the motorist who is only satisfied with the best. Free on application.—C.A.V. on electric engine-starter speaks with the voice of authority. A blue book just received translates that voice into the printed word, and illustrations assist to make the meaning clear. C.A.V. Warple Way, Acton Vale, will send the brochure on request.

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No. 533.—Vol. XLI. Wednesday, February 18, 1914 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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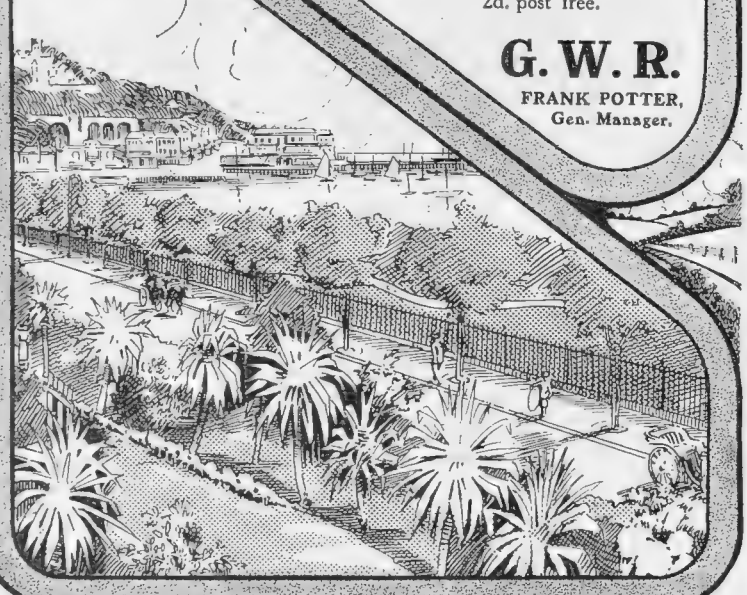

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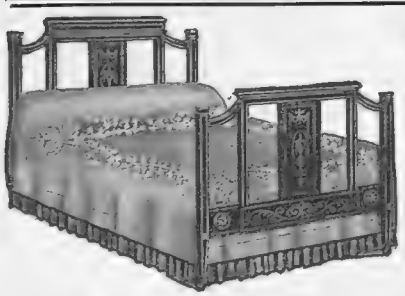

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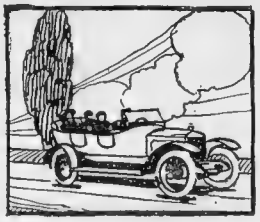

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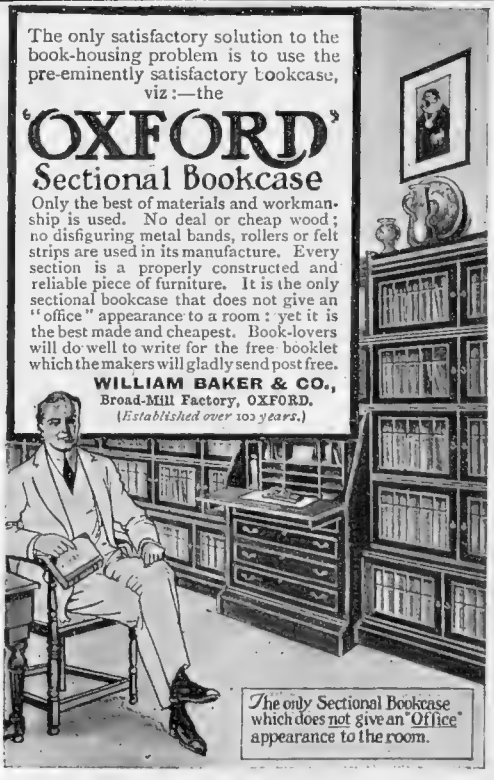

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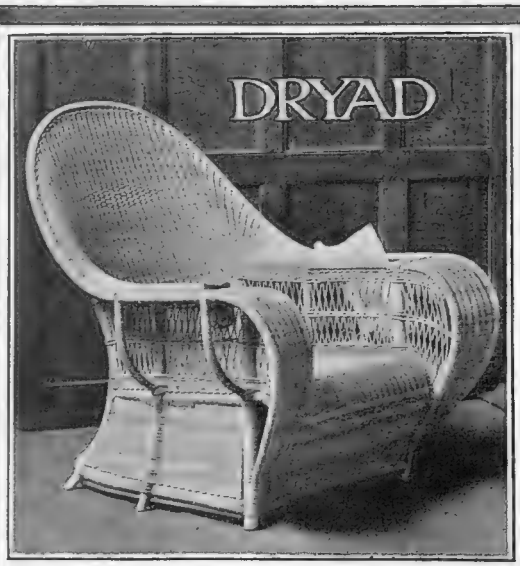

A DRYAD CHAIR IS A STURDY PIECE of English workmanship, very different from the many "parodies" now offered as like Dryad, which claim to be cheaper, but are often at higher prices. The Dryad Cane Book (sent post free) illustrates Chairs, Tables, Work-baskets, Flowerstands, Soiled Linen Baskets, and other useful articles, all having that sound construction and charm of design now associated with the Dryad name, and purchasers of cane work will do well to compare before buying.

Dryad Works, Y dept., Leicester.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

By RITA MOYA.

RITA MOYA.
The Celebrated Comedy Actress.

It is not every woman's good fortune to be endowed by Nature with fine features and a flawless complexion, but nowadays it is possible to make the plainest face attractive, and that, too, in the privacy of one's home, without recourse to beauty specialists, which usually involve expensive treatments, and much loss of time. I shall endeavour to show you in the following lines, how much may be done in this direction by any woman of ordinary intelligence. When facial applications are necessary, use only the pure ingredients just as they come to the chemist himself. Do not allow yourself to be persuaded into buying some cheap ready-made preparation instead. Any chemist will gladly obtain the original concentrated ingredients for you, if you insist, and although he may not have them in stock, you will be well advised to wait while he orders them for you. The improvement in your appearance will be ample compensation for any trouble taken to obtain these simple and harmless beautifiers.

Beauty in Breathing.

A great deal can be done towards brightening the eyes by systematic breathing for ten minutes each morning and evening. Breathe slowly and deeply to the fullest capacity of the lungs. You should stand erect by an open window. The corsets should not be worn during this exercise.

About Shampooing.

Even the best shampoo is somewhat drying, and if the hair is not naturally oily, I suggest that just before the shampoo, you apply olive oil to the scalp, rubbing it into the hair roots vigorously. Then use pure stallax for the shampoo. Dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. This will leave the hair very clean, soft and fluffy.

An Instantaneous Beautifier.

Instead of face powder, use a simple lotion made from 1oz. of cleminite and four tablespoonfuls of water. This lotion will tone and clear the skin, and acts as a protection against sun and wind. A little applied with the finger-tips instantly gives the skin a delightful "bloomy" appearance. No powder is necessary, and the result lasts all day long under the most trying conditions.

To Permanently Remove Superfluous Hair.

It is a simple matter to remove a downy growth of hair temporarily, but to remove it permanently is quite another matter. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that powdered pheminol may be used for this purpose. Apply it directly to the hair. The recommended treatment is designed not merely to instantly remove the hair, but also to eventually kill the roots entirely. Any chemist should be able to supply you with an ounce of pheminol, which quantity should be sufficient.

The Real Cause of Most Bad Complexions.

It is an accepted fact that no truly beautiful complexion ever came out of jars or bottles, and the longer one uses cosmetics the worse the complexion becomes. Skin, to be healthy, must breathe. It also must expel, through the pores, its share of the body's effete material. Creams and powders clog the pores, interfering both with elimination and breathing. If more women understood this, there would be fewer self-ruined complexions. If they would use ordinary mercolised wax instead of cosmetics they would have natural, healthy complexions. This remarkable substance is not absorbed by the skin; its action is just the opposite. The skin repels mercolised wax, and at the same time throws off all imperfections. An exquisite new complexion peeps out, quite free from any appearance of artificiality. Apply nightly like cold cream, for a week or so, washing it off in the morning.

About Hair Tonics.

Each week almost one hears of some wonderful discovery for improving the hair, and although this paragraph may seem a little superfluous, an old-fashioned recipe may come as a welcome change. One thing about it is that it will grow hair, and also prevent it falling out From your chemist get an original package of boranium, to this add ¼ pint of bay rum, allow it to stand 30 minutes, then add sufficient water to make half-a-pint. Rub briskly into the scalp with the finger-tips and you will immediately experience that clean tingling sensation which is a sure sign of healthy action.

Femina Facts, fancies & fashions

THE STAGE AND FASHIONS OF THE DAY

Dresses at the Gaiety

ADMITTING just a shade of exaggeration — theatrical licence—there remains the fact that the new "revusical" comedy at the Gaiety, *After the Girl*, is responsible for the verification of several fashion fancies that were trembling in the balance. I could not if I would, and I would not if I could, discuss the dresses —which surely must run into hundreds—in detail, but what impressed me was the general silhouette, enforced home by the smart *modish* clothes. Not only on the stage will be seen during the coming summer months a fine display of ankles engendered by the tilt of the skirt in front, the hunched-up back; flounces, furbelows, and floppiness put the fashionable trend in an alliterative nutshell.

Miss Elsom's Gowns

For Miss Isobel Elsom, as the pursued heroine, a tempered discretion has devised some of the most seductive gowns imaginable. The white *charmeuse* coat and skirt, relieved by touches of powder-blue, is as charming *habillée* tailor-made as I have seen this season, while the evening toilette worn by the same actress in the last scene at "the Carlton" is a very dream of daintiness. The general scheme of colour is a delicate blush pink, a skirt of *charmeuse* in this nuance being draped up in front over a petticoat of white net, embroidered with *dimante* in a tapering floral design, and completed by three petal-shaped *volants* superimposed at the waist, effected in shaded pink *tulle*. Above the waist the white net is again requisitioned for the simple slightly draped corsage, on which ropes of *dimante* are carried in three divided lines, and over one shoulder from the waist in front to the waist at the back there is carried a wreath of tiny roses in pastel colourings, with a little dark-green foliage. Miss Elsom's unadorned pretty ashen-coloured hair stands out in welcome relief from the many amazing ultra-smart head-dresses.

A MOURNING DRESS

Of dull black charmeuse arranged with draperies of crape, the neck and crape sleeves being edged with feather trimming

Other Frocks

A taffeta dance frock, the colour that of a young spring leaf, left an indelible impression upon me. *Bouffant* about the hips, the skirt fell in close folds about the ankles, with a lift-up in front, to show white silk stockings and black sandelled shoes.

To Miss Muriel Hudson, whose brilliant red wig is always arresting, fell the honour of carrying off the most "ultra" creations, dresses that fulfilled to the last letter my alliterative frills, furbelows, and floppiness. Of course, the Dutch frocks are adorable and the Hungarian ones gorgeous. Altogether a feast of clothes that maintain in fine manner the prestige of the Gaiety as a theatre unrivalled for its staging and dressing.

Direct from Paris

The two dresses of which descriptions follow are representative examples, respectively revealing the trend in evening and day dress. What strikes one as completely alluring about the little *habillée* coat and skirt is the drawn-up line in front of both skirt and coat. This costume has a skirt fashioned of pale blue *crêpe de Chine*, to which is accurately toned the petticoat of pleated *ninon* and coatee of *charmeuse* in a darker shade of blue, softened at neck and throat by frills of white silk

tulle, a great black velvet bow and silk rose ornamenting the waist in front.

The dainty little dance dress is of white *mousseline de soie*, arranged with superimposed *volants* for the *jupe*, and corsage and short tunic of coral pink and gold *mousseline de soie*; the effective splash of black is apparent in a folded *ceinture* of black velvet punctuated in front by a great velvet pansy.

FOR THE EVENING

A dainty dance dress of white mousseline de soie, with corsage and short tunic of coral pink and gold. There is an effective splash of black in the velvet ceinture

Millinery on Approval

This comes *via* Harrods, and concerns country and costume hats. Obviously it has been discovered by the authorities here that this is a demand to be fulfilled and, as is their way, they have attacked the matter with characteristic thoroughness. Initially, an illustrated catalogue has been brought out, an exceptionally helpful brochure, from which selection can be made, Harrods subsequently sending a box of the millinery on approval to clients desirous of being so served. A bare glance through the catalogue in question suffices to confirm the affirmation that the styles offered are of the latest.

Tailor-Made Hats

Of late years the so-called tailor-made hat has taken up quite an unique position, and from single spies they have now jumped into whole battalions. The selection from the Brompton Road emporium includes several charming straw shapes, notably a *chic* three-cornered hat in soft straw-coloured pedal, a narrow black straw strand outlining the band round the crown, while the upturned brim either side is held with tight little bunches of roses. The always welcome sailor is in evidence, albeit in slightly different guise. The latest aspect of this at Harrods boasts an oval crown and rolled brim, and is trimmed with bands and loops of corded ribbon.

For the Car

Then among motoring headgear there is the dearest little close-fitting toque of fine picot straw, the brim of which is edged with Paisley ribbon, as is likewise the thick Terry ribbon encircling the crown. In real Panamas, too, the choice is exceptionally exhaustive, small, medium, shady shapes all fighting for first place; while the rest of the *galère* includes jaunty little sports hats, models suitable to young girls, etc., while the catalogue containing the text of this millinery can be had for the asking from Harrods.

Latter-Day Luxury in Little Things

Even the really well-endowed are beginning to feel the strain of living up to the ever-increasing demand for the "etceteras" of dress. Gloves, for example, are growing in proportionate expensiveness with footgear. For morning wear gauntlet gloves are the thing in costly antelope, delicate buttoned *suède* following on for afternoons, while the absence of sleeves in evening dress has brought in extremely long gloves once again with a rush. *Bijouterie*, purses, bags, costly hosiery, all assist to swell the expenditure. Apropos of stockings, those destined for to-morrow are of white silk, inset up the front with black Chantilly lace. They are rather staggering at first, but the eye will soon become attuned to the alliance which is really quite pleasing.

Photographs *Reutlinger*

A WALKING COSTUME

Consisting of a skirt of pale blue crêpe de chine, and a coatee of charmeuse in a darker shade of blue. A distinctive feature of this costume is the drawn-up line of both skirt and coat in front

THE HOME OF HEALTH-MAKING.

The Wonderful Work of Curing Illness without Medicine, Now Being Accomplished by Mr. Sandow both at his London Institute and by his System of Postal Consultation.

AN INVITATION TO INVALIDS.

There is an institution in London which has rightfully earned for itself the title of the World's Home of Health-Making.

For it is here that Mr. Sandow directs, both through the post and by personal consultation, that system of curing illness without Medicine, and of Physical Rebuilding, which is daily bringing renewed health and happiness to many hundreds of sufferers.

Amongst the disorders for which the Sandow System is an almost infallible remedy are Neurasthenia, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Insomnia, Melancholia, Debility, Anæmia, and other maladies due either to deranged nerves or faulty circulation, Dyspepsia, Catarrh of the Stomach, and Constipation (fruitful parent of a thousand ills), Obesity, Liver Troubles, etc.

Mr. Sandow's advice and directions, when carefully followed, have brought permanent relief to hundreds of sufferers from Uric Acid complaints, and there are scores of members of the well-known Service Clubs and retired officials of the Indian Civil Service who owe, as they say themselves, their upright carriage and freedom from crippling Gout and Rheumatism to the treatment prescribed by him.

With regard to deformities of a muscular or skeletal nature, practically all of these can be benefited when Mr. Sandow's advice is followed.

PERSONAL OR POSTAL CONSULTATION.

Should you be suffering from any of the above ailments, or should you be feeling not perhaps actually ill but generally "run-down," and not quite "fit," then you are invited to write to Mr. Sandow, or call and see him at the Sandow Institute, 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W. No fee is charged for such consultation or for the information and advice Mr. Sandow will send to you in reply to your letter. Mr. Sandow has prepared a number of books—dealing with various ailments and forms of ill-health—the names of which are as follows:—

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.
CONSTIPATION.
LIVER TROUBLES.
NERVOUS DISORDERS.
OBESITY.
HEART AFFECTIONS.
LUNG AND CHEST COMPLAINTS.
RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.
ANÆMIA: ITS CAUSE AND CURE.
KIDNEY TROUBLES.
LACK OF VIGOUR.
PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES.
FUNCTIONAL DEFECTS IN SPEECH.
CIRCULATORY DISORDERS.
SKIN DISORDERS.
PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.
EVERYDAY HEALTH.
BOYS' AND GIRLS' HEALTH AND AILMENTS.
FIGURE CULTURE FOR WOMEN.
INSOMNIA.

If unable to call and see Mr. Sandow, write to him for one of these books—mentioning which one you would like, and it will be sent to you by return—gratis and post free. Further, if you will give in an accompanying letter details of your case, Mr. Sandow will be able to send you special advice which will be found of the utmost value. The address to call or write (mentioning this paper) is: Mr. Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W.

Early Spring Models.

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REST GOWNS.

Blouses and Millinery in
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"THE VERONIQUE"
can be made in Charmeuse or Taffetas, daintily trimmed with fine lace, for

9½ guineas.

Country and Foreign Orders receive immediate attention.

THE LADIES SHIRT Co., SLOANE SQUARE, S.W.

The Menu: Afternoon Tea—Sandwiches and Cakes

INFORMAL tea-parties make the afternoon hours among the most pleasant of the day, and sandwiches in different varieties are indispensable at this meal. New bread is undoubtedly preferable for these, but so few amateurs can cut and trim it neatly, that it is safer to use tin loaves which are a day old. Butter should always be creamed, by beating it in a basin with a wooden spoon, and salt, pepper, and mustard ought to be added when the sandwich mixture is composed of fish or meat.

Afternoon Tea Sandwiches
Anchovy and Egg Sandwiches
Savoury Rolls
Chocolate Walnut Cakes
Caramel Cake. Caramel Frosting

Afternoon Tea Sandwiches

Mix some cream cheese whipped to a fluffy paste with a little cream, and season well with celery salt and a dash of pepper. Spread on thin slices of brown bread. The malt wheat loaves to be obtained at most grocers and stores would be excellent for these sandwiches.

Anchovy and Egg Sandwiches

Pound some boned anchovies and hard-boiled yolks of eggs with butter. Place between slices of bread and butter and a good sprinkling of mustard and cress.

Savoury Rolls

Cut the bottoms carefully off some small rolls, scoop out the crumb, and reserve the bottoms to replace when filled. Prepare a large pat of fresh butter mixed with some anchovy essence and a little cayenne to spread inside the rolls. Then mince up any kind of poultry, lobster, or good firm cold fish, some shred celery or lettuce and a good spoonful of tartare sauce. Fill the rolls with the preparation, replace the bottoms, and serve in a dish garnished with watercress.

Chocolate Walnut Cakes

One and a half tablespoonsful of flour, a quarter of a teaspoonful of baking-powder, one tablespoonful of grated chocolate, one and a half tablespoonsful of castor sugar, ½ oz. of chopped walnut, one and a half tablespoonsful of butter, one egg, and half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Cream the butter and sugar together, then beat in the egg, lightly stir in the flour, baking-powder, chocolate and vanilla extract. Put the mixture into well-buttered small cake-tins, and sprinkle the chopped walnuts on the top When they are nearly baked brush over the top with a little beaten egg.

Caramel Cake

One gill of butter, two gills of sugar, one gill of milk, three gills of flour, five eggs (whites only), two teaspoonsful of baking-powder. Cream the butter and sugar together, stir in the flour and milk alternately, lastly the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Flavour with caramel essence. Bake in round tins about one inch thick. When baked and cool, place one above another with jam and whipped cream between the layers, and ice with the following:

CARAMEL ICING.—Three gills of icing sugar, one gill of cream, one tablespoonful of butter. Boil all together, stirring to prevent burning, until a little dropped in cold water makes a moderately hard ball. Stir a few minutes off the fire. Then pour over the cake, spreading, if necessary, with a warm wet knife. EMILIA

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THE STRONGEST

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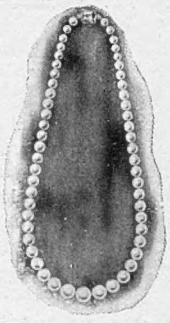
SESSEL PEARLS



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We ask for a comparison, and we will give one hundred guineas to any person who will show us a better or nearer approach to the Genuine Pearl or one that will stand the test of wear better than ours.

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96 out of 100 Dyspeptics have ACID STOMACHS

If you are troubled with acidity and food fermentation you do not get proper nourishment from your food. The acid condition must be corrected if good health is to be maintained.

Neutralise the acid forming elements in your daily food, prevent food fermentation, and preserve your good digestion and general health by using the one efficient but harmless antacid,

Bisurated Magnesia

Acid stomachs are dangerous to the general health, and if you wish to keep well you must prevent the contents of the stomach from becoming acid and ensure their remaining perfectly sweet and bland. Scientific tests show that in 96 times out of 100 where people are dosing and drugging themselves for indigestion, dyspepsia, etc., the stomach itself is perfectly healthy and normal, the pain and discomfort arising solely from the acidity and food fermentation. This condition is unnatural and therefore dangerous. You must correct the acid forming tendency in the food you eat, or it will turn the food acid in the stomach and cause it to ferment before it is digested; thus robbing your body of proper nourishment. Good health could not possibly be maintained for any length of time under such conditions.

Until recently, physician have always recommended a diet but to be effective this must be so limited that the average person finds it impracticable. The pleasantest, most efficient, and most natural way to correct the acid forming elements in food, neutralise the acidity, and prevent food fermentation, is to take Bisurated Magnesia, the great food corrective.

All that you need to do is to take half a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of warm or cold water—or two or three Bisurated Magnesia tablets—after each meal and at bedtime. It will correct all fermentation and quickly neutralise the acid forming tendency of the most indigestible foods. You will be able to enjoy the heartiest meal without fear of the slightest inconvenience. The Bisurated Magnesia will keep the food sweet and wholesome until it has properly digested and assimilated, and ensure your deriving full nourishment from everything you eat.

If you would ensure good digestion always carry a bottle of Bisurated Magnesia about with you. It is obtainable from any chemist at the following prices:

Powder Form	**I/9 and 2/9 per bottle.**
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Beware of Imitations.

The remarkable merits and great popularity of Bisurated Magnesia have led to the offering of many substitutes similar in name but absolutely lacking in its peculiarly valuable properties. Do not experiment at the expense of your stomach. Protect your stomach and your health by demanding Bisurated Magnesia. Be sure that the name on the label is spelled

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If you cannot get the genuine article from your chemist it will be sent to you, post free, on receipt of price by the manufacturers,

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212/214, Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.

The Editor's Box

Curing Indigestion

Of course the best way to cure indigestion, we may say at once, is to take Cicfa. But let us explain. It is easy to understand that in a condition of indigestion of both stomach and bowel, a purgative that would quickly remove all the undigested food which has fermented, would give temporary relief, and make the person feel better for a few days, but when such person ate another meal, that food would soon be in the same condition, and the stomach and bowel would quickly be as they had been before the purgative was taken. Therefore, when purgatives are taken, the bowel becomes steadily weaker, and depends more and more upon the purgatives, which must be taken in ever-increasing doses. That is why all purgatives, when continued, are so weakening and harmful. They give a feeling of temporary relief, but never cure, and always weaken the bowel. The stomach does its part of the digesting generally in two or three hours, but the bowel needs very many hours to do its work, because the food must pass downwards through 20 feet or 30 feet of bowel, and is being digested all the way. To cure indigestion, therefore, Nature must be permitted to complete digestion in the stomach, and also to complete digestion in the bowel. Every cause which interferes must be removed. The albuminous food must be digested in the stomach, and the starchy food in the bowel, then there can be no fermentation, with acidity, flatulence, constipation, and all the other symptoms. Thus you will understand why you should take Cicfa when you realise that it perfects the Bile Circulation, ensuring complete digestion of both the albuminous and starchy food in stomach and bowel. Cicfa is sold everywhere, or it can be obtained direct from Capsuloids, Ltd., 79B, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

The Cunard Line

The *Ivernia*, which sails from Liverpool on Saturday, March 7, at 5.30 p.m., will call at the following ports: Lisbon, Gibraltar, Bizerta, Syracuse, Alexandria, Jaffa, Athens, Venice, Trieste, Fiume, Messina, Palermo, and Naples. The homeward voyage from Naples (April 11) will be undertaken by the R.M.S. *Caronia*, which is popularly known as one of the Cunard "floating hotels." Upon application detailed particulars of this charming cruise will be forwarded to intending patrons by the company from their Liverpool offices.

At the Shaftesbury

The 150th performance of *The Pearl Girl* at the Shaftesbury Theatre, which took place a few days ago, marked another milestone in this fine production's lengthy run. If the play as seen on that night and its reception then are any criterion, it will still be running well when another 150 nights are gone.

For Influenza

As the best way to maintain peace is to be prepared for war, so the best way to guard against influenza, colds, etc., which are so prevalent at this time of the year, is to maintain the body at its full strength and vigour. We know of nothing which will do this so effectively as the constant use of Horlick's Malted Milk, a complete diet containing pure, full-cream milk combined with wheat and barley-malt—nutrients which are very desirable for health's well-being. For those who are below par Horlick's Malted Milk is also an unfailing help in restoring lost energy and in securing the return of robust health.

The Tetrarch

Owing to the many rumours afloat that all is not well with The Tetrarch for this year's Derby, sportsmen will learn with gratification that at least one reliable firm, to wit, that of the enterprising Mr. D. M. Gant, of New Bond Street, is giving his clients the benefit of the doubt, and offering them the exceptional terms of *evens with a run*, that is to say, in the event of the horse not coming under the starter's orders, all bets would become void.

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Horlick's Malted Milk is a delicious addition to all Menus and is also the most valuable supplementary diet for all purposes.

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Of all Chemists, in 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz. and 1 lb. tins, at 6d. 1/-, 1/7 and 3/- each.

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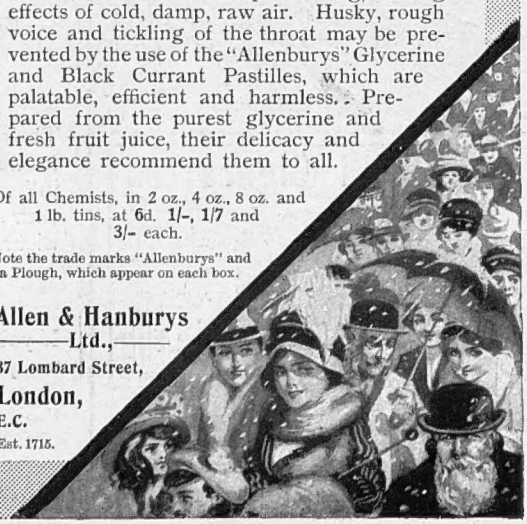

The Editor's Box

Curing Indigestion

Of course the best way to cure indigestion, we may say at once, is to take Cicfa. But let us explain. It is easy to understand that in a condition of indigestion of both stomach and bowel, a purgative that would quickly remove all the undigested food which has fermented, would give temporary relief, and make the person feel better for a few days, but when such person ate another meal, that food would soon be in the same condition, and the stomach and bowel would quickly be as they had been before the purgative was taken. Therefore, when purgatives are taken, the bowel becomes steadily weaker, and depends more and more upon the purgatives, which must be taken in ever-increasing doses. That is why all purgatives, when continued, are so weakening and harmful. They give a feeling of temporary relief, but never cure, and always weaken the bowel. The stomach does its part of the digesting generally in two or three hours, but the bowel needs very many hours to do its work, because the food must pass downwards through 20 feet or 30 feet of bowel, and is being digested all the way. To cure indigestion, therefore, Nature must be permitted to complete digestion in the stomach, and also to complete digestion in the bowel. Every cause which interferes must be removed. The albuminous food must be digested in the stomach, and the starchy food in the bowel, then there can be no fermentation, with acidity, flatulence, constipation, and all the other symptoms. Thus you will understand why you should take Cicfa when you realise that it perfects the Bile Circulation, ensuring complete digestion of both the albuminous and starchy food in stomach and bowel. Cicfa is sold everywhere, or it can be obtained direct from Capsuloids, Ltd., 79B, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

The Cunard Line

The *Ivernia*, which sails from Liverpool on Saturday, March 7, at 5.30 p.m., will call at the following ports: Lisbon, Gibraltar, Bizerta, Syracuse, Alexandria, Jaffa, Athens, Venice, Trieste, Fiume, Messina, Palermo, and Naples. The homeward voyage from Naples (April 11) will be undertaken by the R.M.S. *Caronia*, which is popularly known as one of the Cunard "floating hotels." Upon application detailed particulars of this charming cruise will be forwarded to intending patrons by the company from their Liverpool offices.

At the Shaftesbury

The 150th performance of *The Pearl Girl* at the Shaftesbury Theatre, which took place a few days ago, marked another milestone in this fine production's lengthy run. If the play as seen on that night and its reception then are any criterion, it will still be running well when another 150 nights are gone.

For Influenza

As the best way to maintain peace is to be prepared for war, so the best way to guard against influenza, colds, etc., which are so prevalent at this time of the year, is to maintain the body at its full strength and vigour. We know of nothing which will do this so effectively as the constant use of Horlick's Malted Milk, a complete diet containing pure, full-cream milk combined with wheat and barley-malt—nutrients which are very desirable for health's well-being. For those who are below par Horlick's Malted Milk is also an unfailing help in restoring lost energy and in securing the return of robust health.

The Tetrarch

Owing to the many rumours afloat that all is not well with The Tetrarch for this year's Derby, sportsmen will learn with gratification that at least one reliable firm, to wit, that of the enterprising Mr. D. M. Gant, of New Bond Street, is giving his clients the benefit of the doubt, and offering them the exceptional terms of *evens with a run*, that is to say, in the event of the horse not coming under the starter's orders, all bets would become void.

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Ready in a moment with Hot or Cold Water only.
NO ADDED MILK OR COOKING REQUIRED.
SERVED IN HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, CAFÉS, AND CLUB HOUSES.

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A delicious food confection to be dissolved in the mouth, which contain all the beneficial qualities of Horlick's in powder form.

Of all Chemists and Stores in Sterilised Glass Bottles at 1/6, 2/6, and 11/-.
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In Winter Weather

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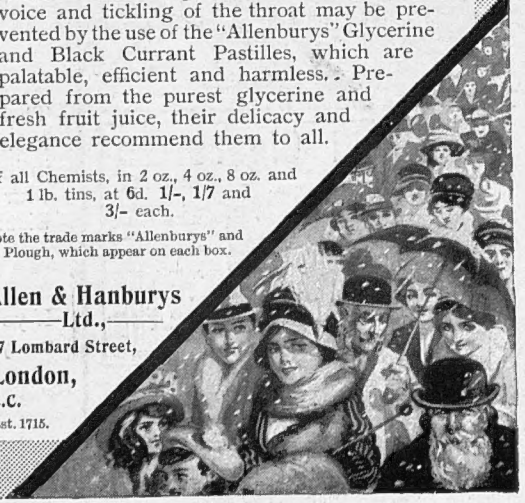
The most robust feel the penetrating, chilling effects of cold, damp, raw air. Husky, rough voice and tickling of the throat may be prevented by the use of the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles, which are palatable, efficient and harmless. Prepared from the purest glycerine and fresh fruit juice, their delicacy and elegance recommend them to all.

Of all Chemists, in 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz. and 1 lb. tins, at 6d. 1/-, 1/7 and 3/- each.

Note the trade marks "Allenburys" and a Plough, which appear on each box.

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